

The Sketch

No. 1348.—Vol. CIV.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1918.

ONE SHILLING.



"THANK YOU ; I ALWAYS TOLD YOU THEY WOULD HAVE TO COME OUT" : ADMIRAL BEATTY ACKNOWLEDGING CHEERS FROM THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH" AFTER THE SURRENDER OF THE GERMAN FLEET.

The proceedings in the Grand Fleet on the great day of the German naval surrender last Thursday closed with the hauling down of the German flags at sunset and a happy little ceremony on board the "Queen Elizabeth." At 4 p.m. all hands were piped aft, and a bugle

sounded "making sunset." After the British flag had been saluted, cheers for the Commander-in-Chief were given with enthusiasm. Admiral Beatty's acknowledgment was sailorlike. "Thank you !" he said, "I always told you they would have to come out." The ship's company then resumed duty.

Photograph by C.N.

"THE SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER—WITH FIVE COLOURED KIRCHNERS.

"The Sketch" Christmas Number will be on sale next Monday, December 2. Contained in it are five coloured pictures by Raphael Kirchner—one of them a double-page. Amongst the other chief features are *Petoeed Plays*; *The Christmas-Gift Girls*; *Stories by W. Douglas Newton*, and others; *If Reel Life were Real Life*; *Other Christmases—By Pavilion Pill to—*; *Comic pictures by W. Heath Robinson, G. E. Studdy*, and others. Owing to the paper restrictions, it is necessary for those wanting copies to order them from bookstall or newsagent at once. The price will be Two Shillings.

MOTLEY NOTES.

COUNT HOHENZOLLERN'S DAY.

8 A.M.—Called. Coffee. White rolls and fresh butter. Letters from Hindy, Ludy, and other faithful militarists. No newspapers, with the exception of the militarist organs.

8.30.—Warm bath. Scented shower.

8.45.—Massage. Moustache-stiffening. Manicuring. Chiropody.

9.0.—Attired in proud uniform and shining sword.

9.30.—Descend with proud head erect. Stroll in sunshine by delightful lake. Faithful militarist officers in attendance.

10.0.—Breakfast in bay-window overlooking lake. Fresh fish. Fresh butter. Sausages. Cutlets. Preserves.

10.45.—Smoke cigar in sun-box overlooking delightful lake. Dictate proud replies to Hindy, Ludy, and other faithful militarists.

12.0.—Fencing with faithful militarist officers.

12.30.—Pleasant stroll round grounds with faithful militarist officers. Discussion.

1.30.—Lunch. Many rare and exquisite dishes. Choice white wine. Very old brandy. Cigars, from the late-Imperial cabinet.

2.30.—Motor drive through charming scenery. Faithful militarist officers in attendance. Sentries presenting arms. Gaping and awe-stricken country folks.

4.30.—Conversation with Willie over the telephone. Willie proud, with head erect. Both benefiting by the change and rest. Excellent reports of Army spirit.

5.30.—Conference with faithful militarist officers. Maps. Figures. Digest of report from Willie. Repetition of secret oath.

7.30.—Dinner. More rare and exquisite dishes. Choice champagne. Still older brandy. Late-Imperial cigar-cabinet well to the fore.

9.0.—All up-standing. Closed doors. Toast of the evening, "Der Tag!"

9.15.—Merry conversation. What we did to Belgium. How we sank the *Lusitania*. Vivid description by faithful militarist officer of women and children struggling in the water. How we bombed London. Vivid description by another faithful militarist officer of hospital in flames.

10.15.—Cards and billiards.

11.15.—Retire to sumptuous suite. Divested of shining sword and proud uniform.

11.45.—Meditation on balcony overlooking lake. Moonlight. Romantic figure of ex-Emperor in dignified retreat. Fold arms after the manner of Napoleon at St. Helena. Confidential conversation with God.

12.0.—Retire to canopied couch. Flickering fire. Pleasant drowsiness after proud and self-satisfying day.

12.5.—Sweet slumber in perfect security.

A few miles away, just over the border, countless men, women, and little children lie in their cold, premature, and obscure graves.

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

GERMANY DAY BY DAY.

Nov. 11, 1918.—Staff of Propaganda Department quadrupled.

By Way of Illustration.

HEAD OF FIRM. Well, Jones, so we've won our case.

JONES. Yes, Sir. At any rate, the verdict is in our favour. The damages are not yet assessed.

HEAD OF FIRM. Oh, the damages will be all right. It's been a long and a hard struggle, Jones.

JONES. It has, Sir. The Firm has come out splendidly!

HEAD OF FIRM.—Gloriously! Better than I ever expected in my most sanguine moments!

JONES. That's true, Sir. Now, I should say, we ought to go ahead better than ever!

HEAD OF FIRM. Rather! Double wages all round! Shorter hours! Unlimited business!

JONES. Fine, Sir! The people will be delighted when I tell them what you say. What shall be our first move, Sir? Can't get going too soon, I suppose?

HEAD OF FIRM. Certainly not! Certainly not! The first thing we'll do is to put a stop to the Advertising Department. We don't need it now.

JONES. Oh! Ye-es, Sir. Very good, Sir.

The Premier's Dream.

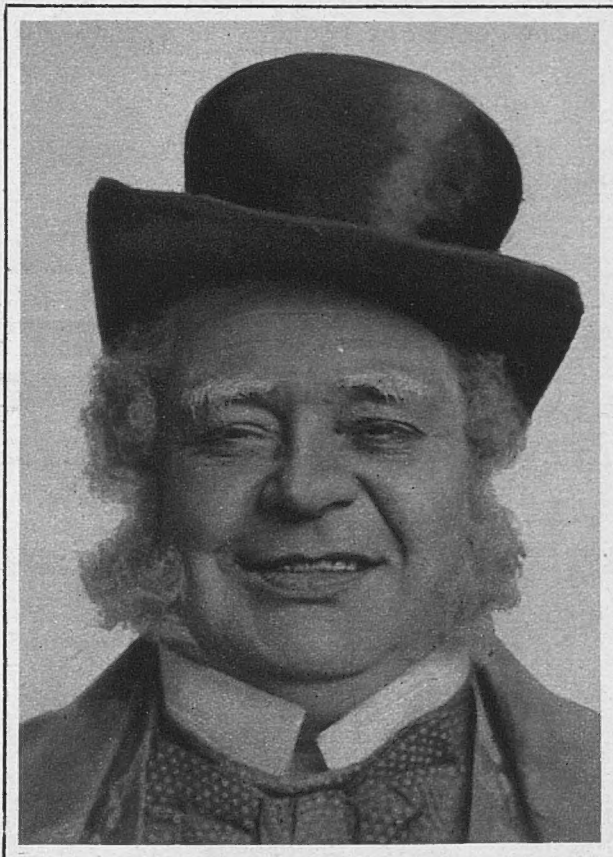
"The object which we have in view is to increase to the greatest possible extent production in this country, so that no man or woman may want, and that all who do an honest day's work may have comfort for themselves and for their children."

The above passage is extracted from the letter sent by the Prime Minister to Mr. Bonar Law. *The Sketch* has nothing to do with politics or elections, but it is just as interested as the rest of mankind in the millennium. I wish, therefore, that Mr. Lloyd George had had time and space to define just what he meant by an "honest day's work" and "comfort."

It is useless to talk about eight hours a day, or ten hours a day, or six hours a day. The man who wants to succeed, who means to succeed, and who does succeed, never counts the number of hours that he works per day. The successful men I know are men who work all day, every day, and half the night. Even so they often die paupers.

Again, what is "comfort"? A bed, a chair, a fire, a crust, a bit of meat, a pipe? If that is comfort for you, well and good. You can get them without doing much work. You can get them without using your brains at all. But how would you define "comfort" for a man of unlimited ambition and keen imagination? Those are the men who succeed. How is the Prime Minister going to provide "comfort" for such temperaments?

But perhaps he did not mean "comfort." Perhaps he meant "scope." A poor word, but how much less enervating!



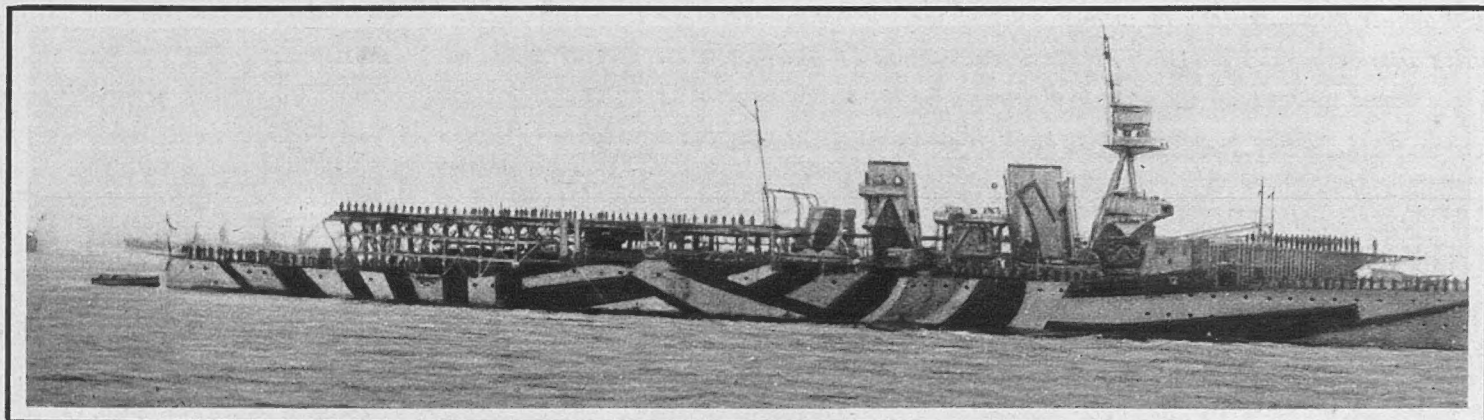
"I AM JOHN BULL": MR. OSCAR ASCHE IN THE ARMISTICE TABLEAU IN "CHU CHIN CHOW," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Photograph by F. W. Burford.

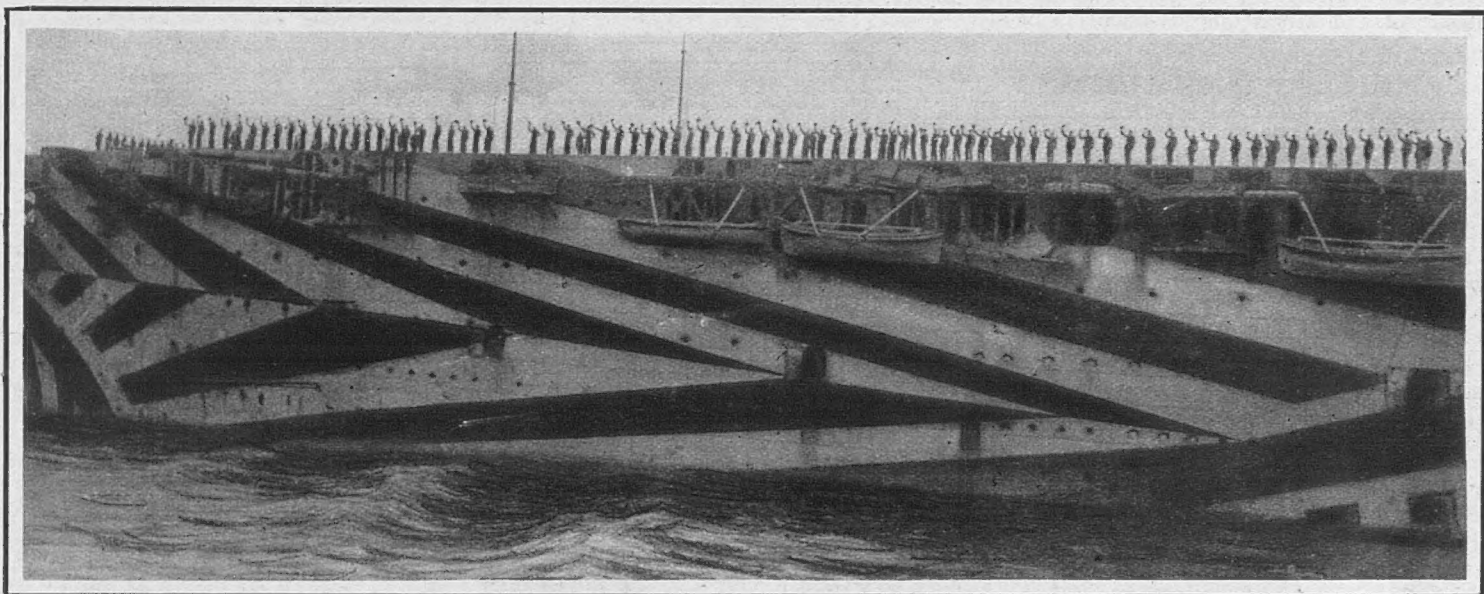
ENGLAND DAY BY DAY.

Nov. 11, 1918.—Propaganda Department closes.

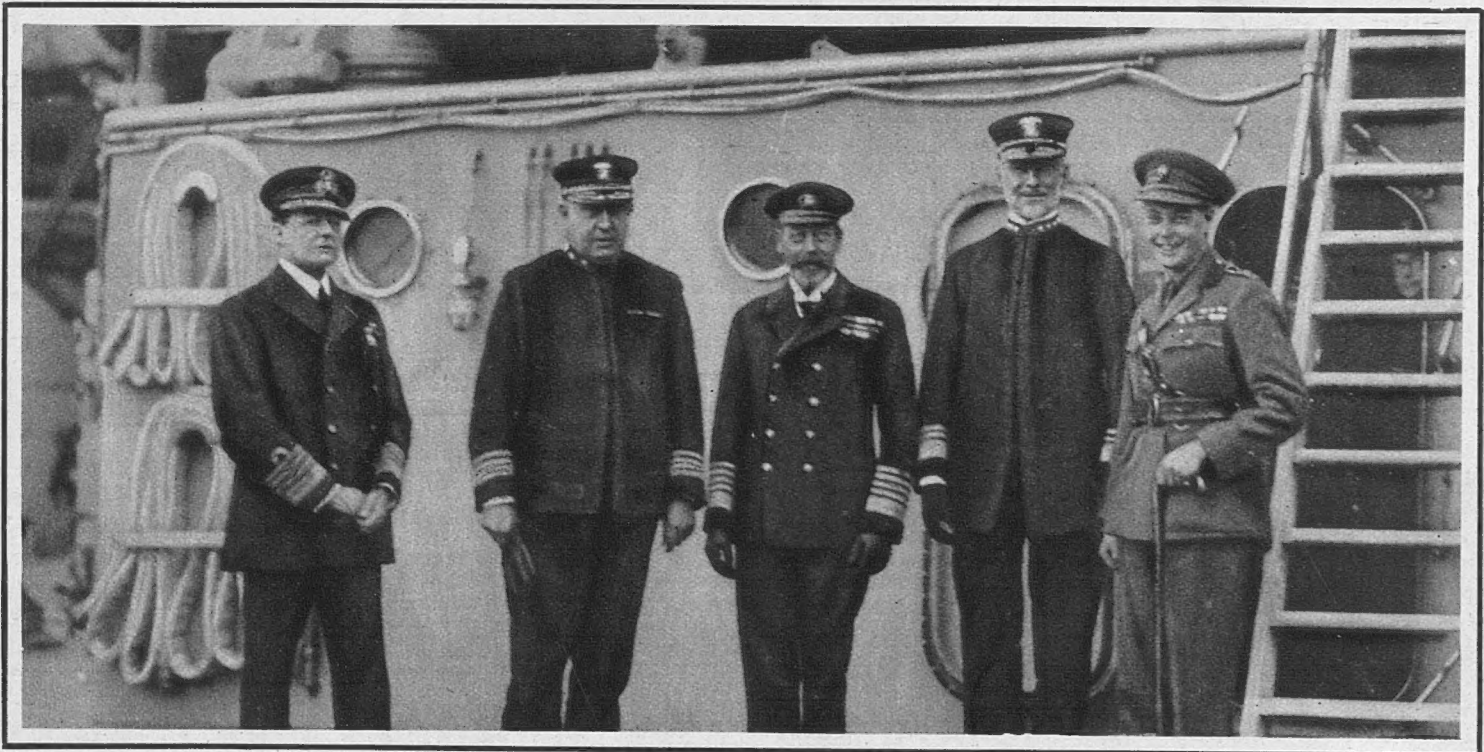
TO SEE THE GERMAN SURRENDER: THE KING WITH THE FLEET.



THE SUCCESSOR OF THE FAMOUS OLD CRUISER THAT BLOCKED THE HARBOUR AT OSTEND: THE NEW "VINDICTIVE," WITH CAMOUFLAGED HULL.



A SHIP ASSOCIATED WITH THE "EYES" OF THE FLEET: AIRMEN AND SEAMEN CHEERING HIS MAJESTY FROM THE DECK OF THE "ARGUS."



ROYAL SMILES: A GROUP ON BOARD THE U.S.S. "NEW YORK" (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) ADMIRAL BEATTY, ADMIRAL RODMAN (U.S. NAVY), THE KING, ADMIRAL SIMS (U.S. NAVY), THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The King and Queen and the Prince of Wales went North on the 19th to visit the Grand Fleet on the occasion of the German naval surrender. On the 20th his Majesty and the Prince motored to Queensferry, where they were received by Admiral Beatty, and after the King had addressed a few words to the officers and men present, the party boarded

H.M.S. "Oak," and proceeded to the Grand Fleet. The "Oak" passed between the lines, and the whole fleet was inspected, including the American ships. Hearty cheers for his Majesty went up from war-ships of every type. Among special points of interest were airship vessels, "mystery" ships, camouflaged hulls, and the new "Vindictive."

Photographs by Topical.



THE WAY OF THE WORLD

The New World.

"It is a new world and a wonderful change. We have to face new conditions, and everything will seem strange to us at first. We shall be like little children stumbling in the dark." That is what Mr. Lloyd George said to a very private and particular and popular and precise friend of Lady Lymelyghte, during the "Peace" celebrations. He was leading her up the stairway at No. 10, Downing Street, and all the pictures of all Britain's great Prime Ministers

frowned down upon him as he made the confession. Lady Lymelyghte thinks it was "a most wonderful remark."

Hard.

I have seen all sorts of eloquent descriptions of the King's activities since the armistice in most of the London daily papers.

In view of the actual facts, I am rather inclined to believe that the daily Press has been caught napping for once. Perhaps they have sent all their bright and brilliant young men to the Western front, wherever that may happen to be at the present moment. At any rate, it is certain that the daily ac-

I am told that you don't all favour these new hats of Princess Mary's, but this fact will not prevent you from sympathising with her. Quite the most amusing incident of that amusing week which

I can chronicle with the veracity of an eye-witness was when Mr. Moss de Young saved an infant boy from committing patriotic suicide underneath the Royal carriage. He seized the child by the scruff of his neck, and, as a result, his nether-garments left him like all the pageantries of all the Kaisers, and he was suspended in mid-air, a small cherub in a small shirt. I don't know who was more surprised—the cherub or the King.

The Victory Ball.

Lady Lymelyghte, who was feeling far from herself—she says that she cannot realise that we are really at peace—came in the other day to tell me all manner of wonderful things about the great Albert Hall Victory Ball. I told

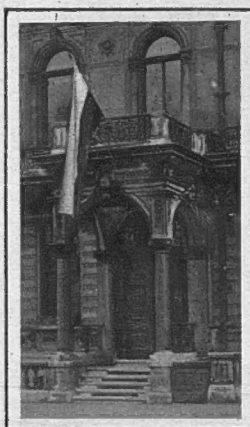
her that some people consider the Albert Hall not altogether a respectable place at the moment, as they had heard they were going to have a series of boxing contests there. "Bless you, my dear boy," said Lady Lymelyghte, "it must be respectable. Albert was always respectable. I don't think he was ever anything else. That is why the British Public—especially the down-trodden working classes—disliked him so much." And then she sighed and

smiled, and waved her hand with a well-known gesture suggesting the instant dismissal of huge companies of docile domestics, and observed with another smile, that was so eloquent as to be almost reminiscent of Lady Lymelyghte's forgotten youth: "He was never like Edward, you know!"

Busy Bees.

If I had been consulted on the question, which I was not, I should have suggested that we had our Victory Ball after Peace had been officially declared—signed and counter-signed, so to speak, by Foch and those associated with him. Still, there is no gainsaying the fact

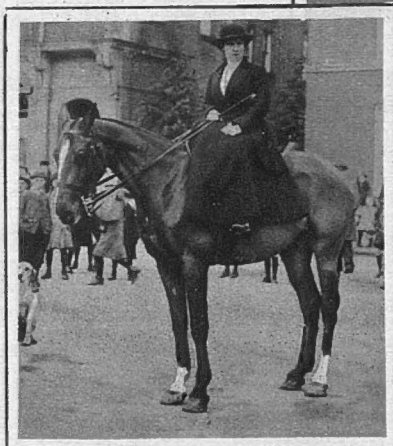
that the present enterprise attracted all sorts of people—all sorts of women, I might say—and was an assured success from the moment that Mrs. Edward Hulton took the matter in hand. Joy tells me that it is quite impossible for me to tell you who were the hardest workers. As a judge in the Victory Ball Race, she places the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Crewe, Lady



THE LONDON REPRESENTATION OF A NEW REPUBLIC: THE CZECHOSLOVAK LEGATION AT 9, GROSVENOR PLACE.



ACTING MASTER OF THE WHADDON CHASE FOXHOUNDS: MR. R. SELBY-LOWNDES.



AT A RECENT MEET OF THE WHADDON CHASE FOXHOUNDS AT WINSLOW: MRS. R. SELBY-LOWNDES, WIFE OF THE ACTING MASTER.

Photograph by Sport and General.



A GRASSHOPPER IN LOMBARD STREET.

"Martin's Bank, which had its origin in the 16th century, and for 400 years carried on business in Lombard Street, under the sign of the grasshopper, is to amalgamate with the Bank of Liverpool."—*Daily Paper*

count of King George's and Queen Mary's activities on behalf of the nation since the signing of the armistice have been steadily and hopelessly inadequate. "The enemy will regard these terms as a very hard business, Sir," said a privileged friend of the King to his Majesty towards the conclusion of what history will obstinately describe as "Peace Week." "Well, the war has been a very hard business," replied his Majesty.

Unreported.

We all sat together and read the various accounts of the various Royal Processions through London; but, so far as I am concerned, and so far

as Joy Ryde and all her friends are concerned, we feel with a certain sense of bitterness that the most interesting incidents of the Royal travel have not been recorded. There was, for instance, that rather tragic occasion in Whitehall during a downpour of rain which seemed determined to prove that the English climate would not lose its character in any transports of victory, when Princess Mary remarked in a voice that was almost plaintive, "Mamma, I am getting all the benefit of your umbrella." As a matter of fact, the rain was trickling with the quiet and dreary decision of inevitable things from the Queen's umbrella to the Princess's hat. And it was a new hat!



ORGANISER OF 300 WAR CHARITY PERFORMANCES: MR. CHARLES GULLIVER, MANAGING DIRECTOR OF THE PALLADIUM. The total thus raised was £112,000. The Palladium Cigarette Fund realised £29,000 and sent 23,000,000 cigarettes to the troops.

Photograph by Campbell Grav.



POUDRÉ, FANCY DRESS, OR UNIFORM.

"The Victory Ball at the Albert Hall on November 27 has, I'm told, the complete approval of the King and Queen. . . . Dancers may come powdered, in fancy dress, or in uniform."—*Daily Paper*.



ALSO RAN.

"The Frankfurter Zeitung learns that Admiral Tirpitz has fled" [and shaved?]-*Reuter*.

Cowdray, Lady Stanley, and Lady Reading as passing the post of diligence together. I asked Mr. Douglas Stuart, and he tells me that he would not think of "paying out" on such a decision. Then I told him that the whole thing was organised for charity, and he confessed that he would pay out on anything.

Black Beauties. It is a most extraordinary thing—although, as you know, everything connected with women is extraordinary and contrary to all the preconceived rules of probability—that, at a time when the nation officially and unofficially is supposed to be in the zenith of rejoicing,



THE FACTFUL GHOST.

"I was told yesterday that women 'ghosts' are becoming more numerous in political life. The 'ghost' is really a private secretary who 'feeds' her principal with facts. What the artist calls a 'ghost' the barrister knows as a 'devil'!"—*Daily Paper.*

If things go on like this, we shall describe peace as a "black peace."

"War" News. "Nobody knows who is going to win this war," said a theatrical friend to me yesterday. "Aren't you a little out of date?" I remarked. And he replied, "Not at all. It is really impossible to say whether Butt or Grossmith and Laurillard will win."

Hail Sports. Nobody is more delighted over the promised revival of sport than Lord Queensberry. I met him last week, and found him as enthusiastic as his father would have been over the boxing boom which is now imminent. "Boxing was always a national game,"



CHERTSEY'S FEMININE TOWN CRIER: MRS. BLAKER ANNOUNCING A THANKSGIVING SERVICE. Mrs. Blaker was appointed Town Crier of Chertsey in place of her husband, a sergeant serving in the East Surreys.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

he said, "since my father invented the rules. It is more than ever national now that women have taken to going to boxing matches." Reminiscing, he told me that during a stay in the States he had been impersonated by three separate impostors; and in Paris he had the amusing experience of being solemnly introduced to—"The Marquess of Queensberry." All this talk about boxing has so interested a volatile friend of Miss Joy Ryde's that she has begged of me to book her seats for the match between Carpentier and Wells. I told her that no such match had yet been fixed up, and her characteristic reply was: "Well, you had better go and make them fight as quickly as possible."



STANDING AS A CANDIDATE AT THE GENERAL ELECTION: MRS. DACRE FOX. Photograph by Swaine.

our women folk should have taken it into their heads to be wearing the most melancholy clothes. When I looked into the Ritz the other evening I found practically all the women dining in black. The handsomest black gown, so far as I am able to judge, was worn by Lady Uffington, who was having dinner with Lord Craven, her father-in-law. The general sombreness of the atmosphere oppressed me so much that I sought relief from the dining-room and went into the hall. The first person I encountered was Lady Idina Wallace, who was dancing. She wore black!



AT THE FRENCH WAR PHOTOGRAPHS EXHIBITION: (RIGHT TO LEFT) LORD READING (WHO OPENED IT), LADY READING, LADY BURNHAM, AND (EXTREME LEFT) LORD BURNHAM. Photograph by L.N.A.



RESIGNED: SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY, PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE MINISTRY OF SHIPPING.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Stage Departures.

Lovers of musical comedy will hear with regret that it is very unlikely we shall see Miss Gertie Millar dancing and singing on the lyric stage again. A friend of mine met her in Bond Street the other morning, and asked her when she was going to return to the footlights. "Never, I hope," replied Gertie with stern emphasis. And I, for one, shall be surprised if Lily Elsie is tempted back again, except in the cause of charity. Talking of charity concerts reminds me of rather an amusing experience that happened down the river this year. The ever-green and ever-lively Marie Lloyd had been asked to perform, and she arrived in a motor-car from the Palladium, in a great hurry to take the stage and return to London. "You can't go on for a few minutes," said the stage-manager, "as we have a ballad vocalist on." Marie peeped through the side-curtains that fringed the stage, and saw a slim, pretty figure warbling a ballad very charmingly. "Seems to think she's another Lily Elsie," said Marie. Then the ballad vocalist came off, and smiled at her very sweetly. "How are you, Miss Lloyd?" she asked. "I have not seen you since I was a child." It was Lily Elsie.

At "L'Aiglon." Miss Elsie was among the programme-sellers at the Globe Theatre when Marie Löhr gave her special matinée of "L'Aiglon." She looked very beautiful in black velvet and pearls, and my lively little relative Joy went into ecstasies over the ospreys in her hat. I did not see the ospreys myself, as Elsie Janis, Violet Loraine, and Lilian Braithwaite were conspiring to make me bankrupt.

A Romance? Cupid seems to be very busy singeing his wings, so to speak, at the footlights just now. Last week I found all theatrical and bohemian London buzzing with a rumour that that very delightful dancer Ida Adams was engaged to a young member of the aristocracy. If there be any truth in the rumour, I herewith tender Ida my heartiest congratulations, coupled with the hope that she will not leave the stage. When I was chatting over the report with Joy at tea the other afternoon she propounded the following conundrum: "As so many of our Peers marry actresses, why is it that none of our Peeresses marry actors?" I told her that this was one of the mysteries known only to Heaven. At any rate, I was not wise enough to attempt a solution. — THE WORLDLING.



POETS' LICENSES.

"You have to get a license for poetry; but for prose, which is harder than poetry, you need grammar"—was a boy's definition of the difference between poetry and prose.—*Daily Paper.*



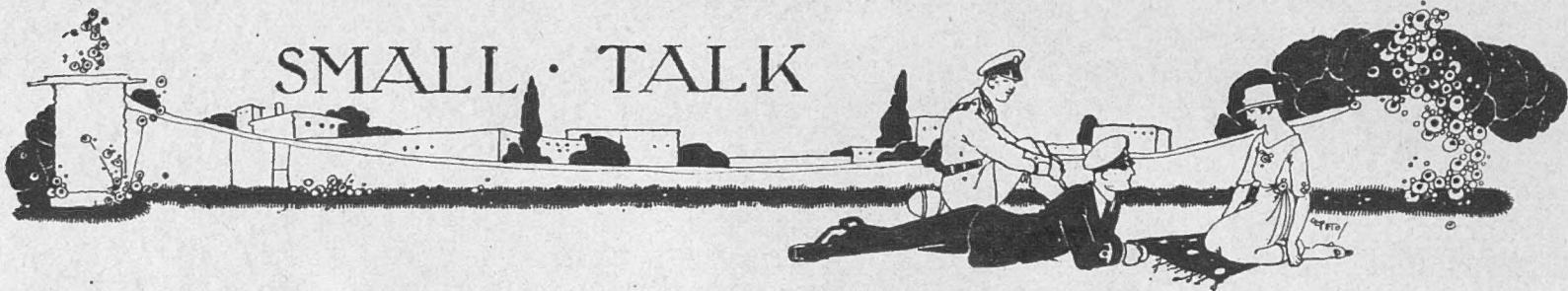
THE MAFFICKERS OF BREMEN.

"The *Weser Zeitung*, of Bremen, hears that the King of England has abdicated; President Wilson has broken off relations with England, France, and Japan, indignant at the harsh terms imposed on Germany; Marshal Foch has been murdered, and a revolution has occurred in France."—*Amsterdam Message.*



DOING TRICKS FROM HER OWN BOX: MISS MARION PEAKE, A PRINCIPAL IN "BOX O' TRICKS" (SECOND EDITION) AT THE HIPPODROME.

SMALL TALK



PRINCESS MARY'S visit to France is just what might have been expected from such a hard-working young Royal Highness. Very few of her friends would have put up with the curtailment of her social engagements necessitated by the war with the good grace and cheerfulness invariably shown by the King's only daughter. As a keen and experienced war-worker herself, the Princess will be able to take a more than ordinary interest in all she sees. She has, too, her mother's own faculty for going very thoroughly into everything she undertakes, and the visit will forge one more link in the chain that binds her so closely to her war-working subjects.

In Luck's Way. A good many girls whose coming-of-age happened to clash with the war will envy Lady Hermione Herbert, Lord and Lady Powis's only daughter, for whom a kind fate so



TO BE MARRIED TO-MORROW: MISS ROSE CAWSTON PATTISON.

The wedding of Miss Rose Cawston Pattison, of Graylings, Beckenham, Kent, to Lieutenant Peter S. Boulton, Royal Garrison Artillery, is arranged to take place on Nov. 28, at the Parish Church of Beckenham.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

managed things that her eighteenth birthday fell only a few weeks before the conclusion of the armistice. A striking-looking girl with a liberal share of her mother's good looks, Lady Hermione has a truly English love of country life and outdoor sports. Though it is not so long since her father indulged in the fashionable amusement of estate-selling, she has still plenty of room in which to indulge her out-of-door hobbies. Six thousand acres more or less make no appreciable difference in estates of the size owned by Lord Powis.

They Did Not Foresee It.

Parliament. Still less that she would beat Miss Christabel Pankhurst by a short head in the rôle. Miss Markham is an excellent speaker; and, if persuasive eloquence counts for anything with electors, there is very little doubt but that Mansfield Liberals will

Four years ago the most enterprising prophet would scarcely have ventured to forecast the appearance of Miss Violet Markham—in private life Mrs. James Carruthers—as candidate for election to Parliament. Still less that she would beat Miss Christabel Pankhurst by a short head in the rôle. Miss Markham is an excellent speaker; and, if persuasive eloquence counts for anything with electors, there is very little doubt but that Mansfield Liberals will return her to fill the position occupied for so many years by her late brother. She used, if I remember rightly, to hold the view that politics was not good for women. Exactly what adverse effect it would have upon the mentality of Eve I cannot recollect, but it would be interesting to hear the reasons that operated to bring about Miss Markham's change of view.

The Bereavement of Battersea.

It is not easy to imagine the House of Commons without Mr. John Burns as Member for Battersea. Nor is it less difficult to conceive how the Right Honourable John will fill up his time without "the House," in which he has been so picturesque a figure for nearly thirty years. It

is true that since the war broke out he has preserved a taciturnity almost miraculous for so loquacious a man. But he has haunted the scenes of former triumph with the pertinacity of a Christmas Number ghost. Those who know him best wonder whether he will not some day forget that he is no longer a Faithful Common, and, in a fit of

absence of mind, attempt to get past the Cerberus who guards the floor of the House from the invasion of strangers. Seriously, it must be a great wrench for him to leave Westminster, even for a time; but perhaps he will fill in his new leisure by writing those reminiscences for which publishers are understood to be avid.

President Wilson's Visit.

On this side there is only one opinion regarding President Wilson's visit—we are glad to see him. But in the United States the affair has given rise to much discussion on the constitutional question.

The American President is a very powerful functionary, and an essential part of the executive machine; and the Constitution, though it provides for a successor in the case of death, mental or physical incapacity, or impeachment, never contemplated absence from the country. There are precedents for a few days' visit to foreign soil, but none for an extended sojourn abroad. But President Wilson has a habit of creating his own precedents.

Marshal Pétain.

There is a welcome touch of drama in all that the French do in a military way, and the conferment of a Marshal's bâton on General Pétain just before he entered Metz enhanced the value of the gift. Pétain is one of the discoveries of the war; he was only a subordinate at the beginning, but attracted attention by his tactical methods in the fighting about Notre Dame de Lorette; and, when the Germans made their fierce onslaught on Verdun, the defence was entrusted to him—with the results we know. France has now three Marshals—Joffre, Foch, and Pétain. It is curious that this highest of all military titles is shared by the common farrier. "J. Dupont, maréchal," is one of the commonest of village signs. The explanation is that the title was first attached to a sort of Quartermaster-General, a large part of whose business was, of course, to look after the shoeing of the horses. As an indication of the dignity of the rank, one may recall the story of Bernadotte, who, being asked why he was depressed, replied, "I was thinking how sad it is that I, who was once Marshal of France, am now only King of Sweden." The war and its wonderful achievements have made it impossible to think of anything but dignity in the honour conferred upon General Pétain.



ENGAGED: MISS MARIE LOUISE EGERTON CASTLE.

Miss Marie Louise Egerton Castle, whose engagement to Captain Francis Norris, R.A., Croix de Guerre, with Palm, son of the late Mr. Anthony Norris and Mrs. C. H. Robartes, is announced, is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle, the well-known novelists.

Photograph by Lafayette.



ENGAGED: MISS VIOLET S. WHITE.

Miss Violet Stillingfleet White, whose engagement to Captain Arthur Aitchison Speak, London Scottish, is announced, is a daughter of Mrs. White, Hill Rise, Lyndhurst, Hants. Capt. Speak is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Speak, of Vinovia, Bishop Auckland.

Photograph by Lafayette.



ENGAGED TO A NAVAL OFFICER: MISS MARGOT BALDWIN.

Miss Baldwin, whose portrait, by Miss Dorothy E. Vicaji, was in the Royal Academy this year, is engaged to Lieutenant H. M. Huntington-Whiteley, R.N., whose father had a Baronetcy, to which he is heir, conferred upon him at the New Year.



A FAMOUS SINGER OF RUSSIAN FOLK-SONGS: MME. LUBOV BER,

Mme. Lubov Ber, whose Russian folk and gipsy songs possess such characteristic charm, arranged to give her first recital on Saturday last, at the Æolian Hall. The novelty of her programme ensured her success in advance.

A POPULAR YOUNG PEERESS : WIFE OF AN OFFICER.



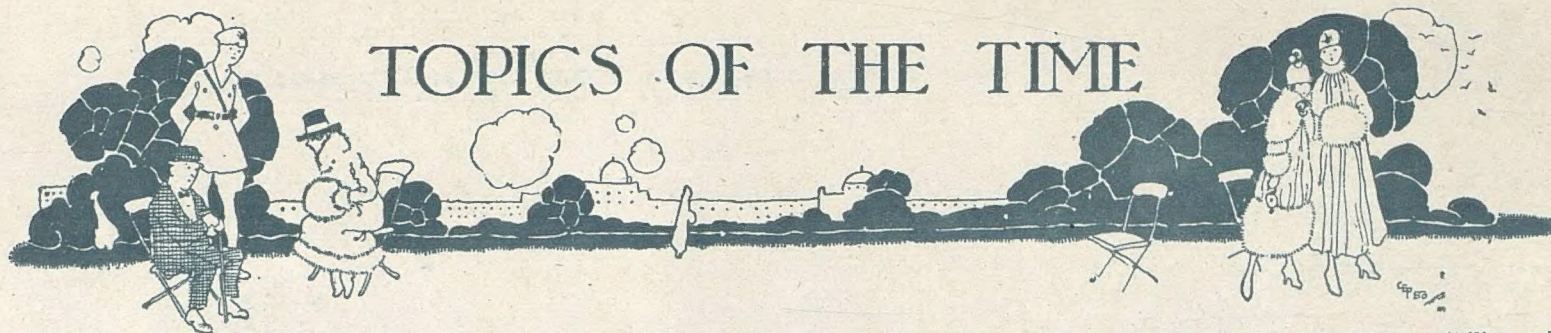
Viscountess Drumlanrig: A New Portrait.

MARRIED TO THE MARQUESS OF QUEENSBERRY'S HEIR : VISCOUNTESS DRUMLANRIG.

The Viscountess Drumlanrig is the charming young wife of Viscount Drumlanrig, son of the Marquess of Queensberry, to whom she was married on Dec. 4, 1917. The Viscountess was, before her marriage, well known and much admired as the clever and pretty young actress, Miss Irene Richards, who, up to the time of her wedding, had been

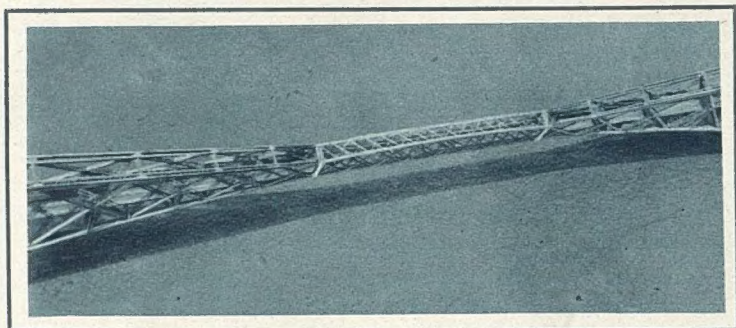
appearing successfully in "Theodore and Co.," at the Gaiety Theatre. In the evening of the wedding day the bridegroom's father, and Mr. H. W. Richards, the father of the bride, with the newly married pair, occupied a box at the Gaiety. Lord Drumlanrig has been wounded in the war. The bride was only eighteen at the time of her wedding.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



YOU and I are beginning to get accustomed to it now. It hasn't quite soaked in yet, perhaps, but we are at all events sufficiently conscious of the restoration of peace to know that we are up against—not as partisans, but as patriots—the mighty problems of reconstruction. That being so, I shall have to throw a block or two of Walt Masonry into the air and chance where they fall to earth.

Oh, mighty Mr. Labour Man (whose children I have sent to school), I hope your reconstruction plan sees me a sharer of the pool? I may not be a man of skill, mechanical or otherwise, but I've at least a place to fill of certain sort beneath the skies. And so, great Mr. Labour Man, save me a pocket, if you can?



THE FORTH BRIDGE AS SEEN FROM THE AIR: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT A HEIGHT OF 1000 FT.—[British Official Naval Photograph.]

Upon this life's tempestuous sea I sail a very humble bark. No good ship Union comes to me to help me in the stormy dark! My lights are very small and dim, and should Misfortune come to ram, what matter if I sink or swim? Who cares a Continental damn? And so, big Mr. Labour Man, grant me a haven if you can?

'Tis true I'm merely middle-class—a man, you'd say, of narrow aims; but I it is who find the brass to meet your ever-rising claims! What should you say my job was worth—(I speak for thousands of my like)—that keeps the men who want the earth, and when they cannot get it, strike? I pray you, Mr. Labour Man, save me a corner, if you can?

"Hell's too good for him," they are saying. But they needn't worry. History is going to tell how he never got there.

With straining eyes they searched for him, red Germany's departed legions. They longed to rend him limb from limb, and scatter then the fragments grim all over the Infernal Regions! They crowded to the Stygian shore in millions murderously merry, their hunger growing more and more for sight of Charon and his ferry. Never in all the ages past was mob so savage or so vast!

Then of a sudden came in sight that boat which had a pretty pair on—William, the King of Crumpled Might (dressed as an admiral) and Charon! But ere the craft touched middle-stream, the water near was ripped asunder, and then at once a blinding gleam announced a hellish burst of thunder!—And they were blown to smithereens by one of William's submarines!

Now that the poetic idea has become a scientific possibility, will there be a revival of the old "fly-with-me-across-the-sea" ballads? Whether or not, I'm afraid the newspaper headline, "Romantic Flight," is in for an astonishingly busy time sooner or later.

Oh, fly with me across the sea the way the swallow flits! We'll do our scoot along the route that's called the Ritz-to-Ritz. I want you dressed in all your best—and mind you come alone! A Paris flight is not a sight for relatives, my Own!

(Effect might gain by waltz refrain, suggests the lyric bard: "So fly with me across the sea!"—and so on, by the yard!)

To Paris gay we'll fly away on Love's (and Handley's) wings; though folks may wink and sniff, and think all sorts of dreadful things! I do not care if people tear my character to bits. So back I scoot along the route that's now the Ritz to writs!

(We'll have again that waltz refrain; I rather like the style. "So fly with me across the sea"—and so on, by the mile!)

Would the Labour Ministers mind if I kept my lady gardener?

I do not say my garden has in any way improved since Daphne came to take the thing in hand. The lilies pined and perished, and the roses hardly moved; the mignonette was very far from grand. It might have been the roses were neglected ere she came—it might have been the lily-bulbs were duds. There might have been no end of things against her; all the same, I *had* expected something more than buds!

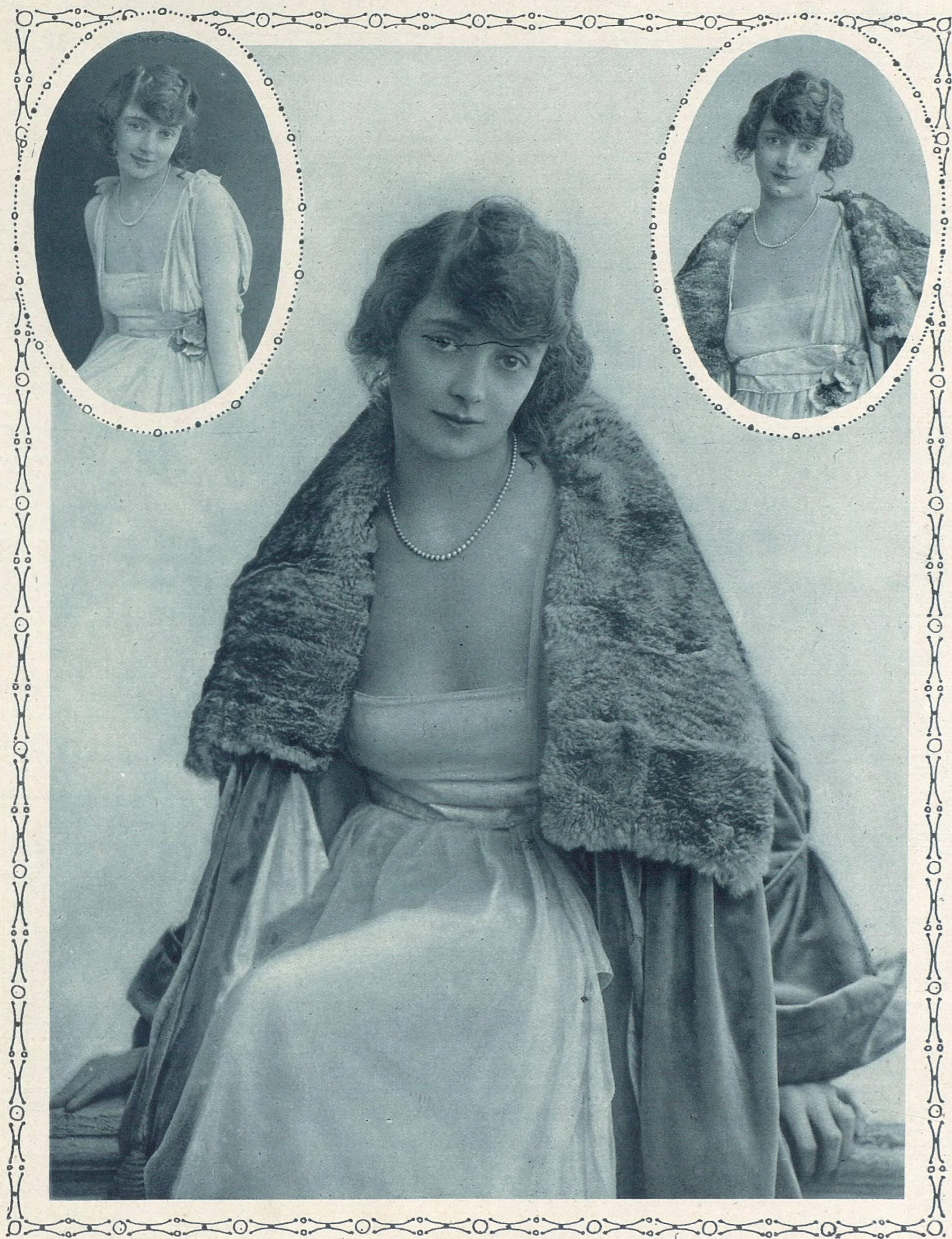


AT A SPORTS MEETING ON THE BRITISH FRONT IN ITALY: KEEPING THE "BOOKIE" BUSY.—[British Official Photograph.]

My Winter garden's worse than what my Summer one has been; the promise that it made has been withdrawn. The buds of the chrysanthemums are very tight and green: the weedy paths have mingled with the lawn. The potting-shed is littered with the roots she hasn't set; and seedlings still are rotting in their box. . . . But Daphne is the sweetest little thing you ever met, and looks a perfect angel in her smocks!

A. B. M.

GETTING ON FOR TWO: DIANA OF THE ADELPHI.



STILL PLAYING DIANA FAIRLIE IN "THE BOY," AT THE ADELPHI, NOW IN ITS SECOND YEAR; MISS NELLIE TAYLOR.

Miss Nellie Taylor, who makes an ideal musical-comedy *ingénue*, has done much by the charm of her acting and singing and her personality towards the remarkable success of "The Boy," which began its long run at the

Adelphi on Sept. 14, 1917. The piece, it may be recalled, is a musical adaptation of Sir Arthur Pinero's farce, "The Magistrate." Miss Taylor was equally successful in its predecessor at the same theatre, "High Jinks."

Photographs by Rita Martin.



THE disappearance of minor social distinctions is one of the accepted marks of the post-war era—people learn in wartime the sort of service and status that really counts. Little flutters may still follow an announcement that Mrs. Asquith had called on Mrs. Lloyd George; but it is Mrs. Lloyd George who has the broadest smile. The brass-plate bearing the words "D. Lloyd George, Solicitor," is now a sort of national relic; and the days are done when a member of the Bar could hardly afford to be seen speaking out of Court during Assizes to a practitioner of the other branch of the profession. Disraeli lived in times when family traditions were tougher; but, even so, he made them as malleable as he pleased. Once, before he took his own Earldom, he was at a party where one Peer after another trooped out of the dining-room before him in due precedence. "I shall be making some of those to-morrow," he said to the commoner beside him, pointing to the burly retreating backs.



AN AMERICAN PEERESS: LADY EBURY.

Lady Ebury is the wife of the third Baron Ebury, who has just succeeded to the title on the death of his father. Before her marriage to the Hon. Robert Victor Grosvenor—as the present Lord Ebury was then—Lady Ebury was Miss Florence Padelford, daughter of Mr. Edward M. Padelford, formerly of Savannah, Georgia, U.S.A. Lord Ebury was formerly a Captain in the 13th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers, and is an Hon. Lieutenant in the Army, and a Governor of Guy's Hospital. He served in South Africa, 1900-1901, with the Imperial Yeomanry, and was mentioned in despatches.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

of women. Will men, for instance, continue to sit with their hats on in the company of women—sometimes women in evening dress? And when you get at hats you get at the very heart of the machinery of the procedure of the House of Commons.

Pulpitizing. Lord Kinnauld maintains the connection—once a very close one—between philanthropy and banking. The appearance of his sister in a London Presbyterian

Prophets and Honours. Talking of lawyers and the legislators, I want to put on paper a prophecy. It is this—that in the new Coalition Government the portfolio of Foreign Affairs will be confided to the capable hands of Lord Reading. When, in January, this prediction is seen to be fulfilled, I shall be told: "Of course you knew." Nobody wants so uncanny a person as a prophet—so I shall say nothing about the vacant Lord Chief Justiceship and Mr. Asquith.

Hatters and Matters. Will women M.P.s be under any hard-and-fast rules about the wearing of hats when they address the Speaker? A male member takes off his hat as a matter of course, because the uncovering of the head is in his case part of the ceremonial of respect. But a woman's hatlessness has no such significance, and I hear she is likely to be allowed full liberty either to wear, or not to wear, her customary headgear. After all, the House of Commons is not a church, and the Pauline counsel has no authority in St. Stephen's. What is, however, causing some heart-searching, or head-searching, is the likely disturbance of present male habits effected by the presence

pulpit the other day was all in keeping. Lord Kinnauld takes as keen an interest in the Y.M.C.A. as his sister takes in the Y.W.C.A., and when he was made the High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland it was not because he was good at an oath—the reason adventured by Disraeli for the appointment of the late Lord Rosslyn to the same post. Miss Kinnauld went into the pulpit to plead for money for her pet charity, and her success establishes the theory that men will always respond the most generously to the appeal of a woman.

With the Colours. Lady Maria Welby opened the other day at Grantham an exhibition of delightful sketches and pictures by Mrs. Adlercron, of Culverthorpe Hall, painted and exhibited and sold for the benefit of local War Funds. Sketches in Lincolnshire and Norfolk gardens and on the Yorkshire coast were diversified by others made in New England, the home of the artist's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, before they came officially to England to represent the United States at the Court of Queen Victoria. Their journals have been published; and their granddaughter, when still Miss Hester Bancroft, had a volume of very good verse to her maiden name. Her husband, Major Adlercron, has been at the front through all the long course of the war.

The Coming "Debrett" for 1919.

Never in its long existence has "Debrett" had so difficult a task with which to deal as that of the past year. The war has worked havoc amongst the most minute care must have been necessary in order to chronicle for coming reference the sad but splendid record of those who have given their lives for their country.

The Multitudinous One.

The highways of the world are reopening out, and one hears rumours of what was said here and there behind doors closed iron-fast by the war. "How many ships, do you suppose, have brought over the Americans?" the Kaiser asked one of his Admirals—not, perhaps, without an implied reproach. And the reply was: "Only one, Sire—the *Lusitania*!"



AN INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT: LORD EUSTACE PERCY.

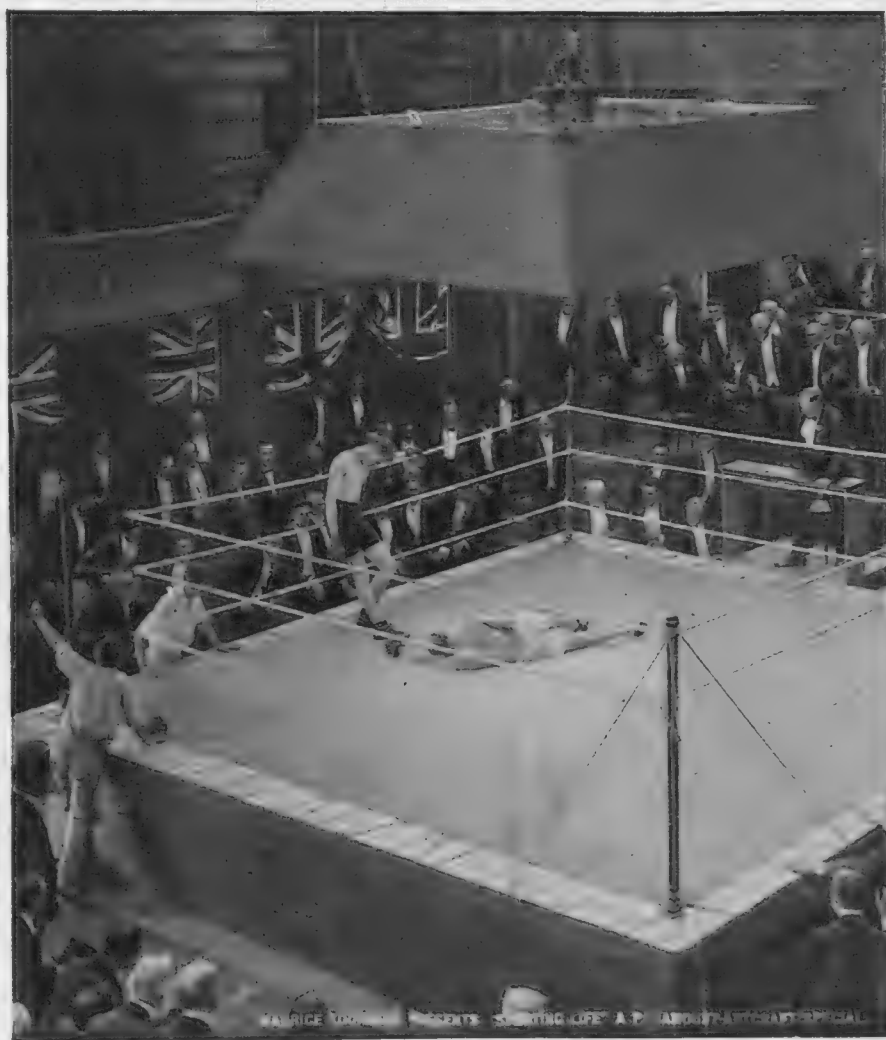
Lord Eustace Percy is the youngest son of the late Duke of Northumberland. His engagement to Miss Stella Drummond, daughter of Major-General and Mrs. Laurence Drummond, has just been announced.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



WIFE OF THE GALLANT DEFENDER OF KUT: LADY TOWNSHEND.

Lady Townshend, of whom we give a new portrait, in her uniform, is the wife of General Townshend, the defender of Kut. She organised fifteen canteens for French and British troops in Lorraine, and was often under fire. The canteens were entirely controlled by ladies, and were of great value to the troops.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

FILMIARITIES : THE KING ; THE RING ; AND TIRPITZ.



1. SALUTING UNCOVERED! VON TIRPITZ DECORATED BY THE KAISER IN THE NEW FOX FILM, "THE PRUSSIAN CUR."
2. THE RING ON THE FILM: A REPRODUCTION OF A TYPICAL SCENE AT THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB.
3. "KING GEORGE V.": A FILM ACTOR REPRESENTING HIS MAJESTY IN "WHY AMERICA WILL WIN."

The picture theatre is becoming more and more a mirror of current events. In some cases, as in "The Prussian Cur," it has invaded the realm of satire with considerable effect. We doubt, however, whether even the egregious von Tirpitz is abandoned enough to salute with his head bare.

He is said to have shaved off his beard. Of the film called "Why America Will Win," we learn that it is based on the life of General Pershing. It includes scenes of Indian warfare and a battle in a volcano crater, also the pursuit of the Mexican, General Villa, and trench scenes on the French front.

WITHOUT PREJUDICE

WHAT shall it profit a man, as Winston biblically enquired, if he win the whole war and lose (at present prices) a singularly useful landaulette? Condolences to State-Secretary Milner on the disappearance of that car. When the Great News hit Whitehall there was a delightfully unrehearsed and sincere bit of celebration. The Army Council just raised their eyebrows ever such a little, rendezvoused on their remarkably slippery marble staircase, sharpened their spurs, changed hats, and proceeded under a full head of steam to the Palace to pay their respects to their grateful Sovereign. Their Lordships from across the road were navigating in the same direction; and somebody extracted the Air Council from the best bedrooms at the Cecil, and they did likewise. It was a highly satisfactory raid, and, as they say in the I.A.F., all our machines have returned. Meanwhile, Lord Milner's was (in the pathetic language of Scotland Yard) left unattended outside the War Office, and some kind person with a trumpet and three flags took pity on its loneliness and removed it for company. Well, well—it might have been worse. Someone might really have driven off Westminster Bridge in Boadicea's chariot without attracting too much attention.

"'Twas in Trafalgar Square," as we used to sing in the wild and woolly days when all England took an extra ten minutes over its breakfast to read in the newspapers how forty-five policemen drew their truncheons and chased one hundred and twenty-nine demonstrators in the direction of Cockspur Street, whilst Mr. John Burns was otherwise occupied than in the cultivation of his garden. Our temperatures rose very easily in the years before the war, and one cannot help wondering what the public of the horse-omnibus period would have made of the Glad Week. The bonfire was, like most bonfires, rather a disappointment. Oxford discovered long ago that no bonfire will burn properly without the bedding of someone in authority to help it; and nobody quite liked to run and knock up the Yard for a few mattresses. And most of the really skilled practitioners in cheerful rioting are still wearing red hats overseas—there are about nine Staff officers hailing from King Edward Street, Ox., Eng., who would have made the lamp-posts remarkably sorry that they had come out of cover. But, apart from the damage to hard-won trophies, it was all very bright and gay, although they

in case one should intrude on a Mammoth Thanksgiving of Plymouth Brethren; and nervous Yorkshiremen arriving late at Euston may stumble on to the Christadelphians' Night Out without a word of warning. But the old places are the best, after all; and the crowds that are always drawn to the Temple Church to hear the music (and see the Judges with their wigs off) were trebled for the Thanksgiving. The Kensington trains always seem to pour the whole Bench out of the Temple Station on to the Embankment on Sunday mornings, and it's worse than ever now: in twenty yards one passes enough judicial authority to give one three hundred years' hard labour and thirty-six divorces. Which reminds me that the new President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division, who was just behind Lord Justice Bankes's lovely top-hat, was looking as kind as though he hadn't noticed someone trying desperately to remember his new Peerage name. Sir George Cave, who is so tall that one might easily have remembered a new name for him, has just remained, as it were, in his Cave. But Pickford L.J. has gone farther afield into the territorial nobility, and lots of people with poor memories will have awful difficulties about it. And, with all this demobilisation and "Home, Sweet Home" and all that, one never knows when one may be requiring his services, does one?



TAKING THE SURRENDER OF THE U-BOATS AT HARWICH—EVIDENTLY A CONGENIAL TASK: REAR-ADMIRAL SIR REGINALD TYRWHITT ON BOARD HIS FLAG-SHIP, THE "CURAÇAO."

Photograph by C.N.

Funny it will be when Sunday walkers in the Park wear black coats again, won't it? If everyone goes back where he should, some of the very youthful Guardees who are so splendid just now in those wonderful caps and the Bateman bags will revert to big collars and Eton suits. And perhaps someone will tell the Postmaster-General, who made the telephone girls so angry by advertising their matrimonial prospects, that he might use his Cabinet rank to lead a movement in favour of



WITH THEIR CREWS ON DECK: SURRENDERED U-BOATS AT HARWICH.—[Photograph by C.N.]

might have shown a little more judgment in the monuments selected for damage. So that's why Sir Alfred Mond put Charles I. in a tin trunk, is it?

And what extraordinary places people seem to go to church in now that they really want to go there! With the Royal Family and a double portion of Prime Ministers and ex-Prime Ministers going to chapel in the Albert Hall (where the Victory Ball is just going to be kicked off), one hardly likes to venture into the Savoy

the reintroduction of high hats. Surely an Illingworth must know that he would be relieving the wool shortage by substituting silk for felt; and, apart from that, Mr. Gladstone would probably have requested a Minister to resign and apply for the Chiltern Hundreds for appearing publicly on the Sabbath in the indecent *déshabille* of a bowler. But if the General Election is to be fought on the hats worn by the present Government, we should probably lose Dundee and Carnarvon and there'd be no knowing what mightn't happen.

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DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF A DUKE : A NEW PORTRAIT.



WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN—AND WOUNDED—OFFICER : LADY ESMÉ GORDON-LENNOX.

Lady Esmé Gordon-Lennox is the wife of Brigadier-General Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox, M.V.O., Scots Guards, who served throughout the South African campaign, 1900-1902, and in South Nigeria, with the West African Frontier Force, 1903-4, with distinction, and has served in the great

European War, and been wounded and mentioned in despatches. Before her marriage, in 1909, Lady Esmé Gordon-Lennox was well known in Society as the Hon. Hermione Frances Caroline Fellowes, daughter of the second Baron De Ramsey. She has a son, born in 1910.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



UNTIL recently, there is no denying, man behaved very badly in his selfish opposition to woman's demand for freedom and the right to do whatever work she could prove herself capable of doing. We are all in sackcloth and ashes for it now, except a doggedly unconverted few who are incurably old-fashioned; and even they might be shaken out of their convictions if they were to read the anthology of what women have said for their own case, "Woman's Voice," which has come to me from America. Nothing is left unsaid in it. We are faithfully reminded that, "although England was Christianised in the fourth century, it was not until the tenth that the Christian wife of a Christian husband acquired the right of eating at table with him."

Mrs. Mabel Daggett, who contributes to the anthology, gives us, in "Women Wanted," a full and remarkably interesting story of what women have done and mean to do in the wide new world that the war has thrown open to them. The moral she points is that, as the result of the enormous birth-rate in Germany, the pressure of population became "too large for too narrow boundaries," and there had to be an explosion, so "Germany exploded." And the conclusion she draws from this is, "It's plain that the way not to have war anywhere ever again is not to have too many babies." Edwin Pugh proposes the same remedy, indirectly for the abolition of war, but primarily for the solving of the trouble between Capital and Labour; and though "The Great Unborn," in which he sets forth his doctrine, is a fantasy-story, he develops his theme with plenty of horse-sense, and is passionately in earnest about it. I am not going to argue. I leave the answer, if there is one, to the Bishop of London and Father Vaughan, who are so convinced that all the rest of us ought to have large families.

I suppose every man is more or less obsessed with the importance of his own profession. When the young lady asks, "What are Keats?" you are shocked at her abysmal ignorance, and it does not occur to you that you are probably as ignorant of famous engineers, drapers, and grocers as she is of famous poets. I remember how it chastened me years ago, when I happened to be in Kensal Green Cemetery looking at Hood's tomb, and a casual Cockney and his lady strolled up to look at it too, and, after reading the epitaph, "He Sang the Song of the Shirt," she inquired in an undertone, "Who was Thomas Hood?" That seemed bad enough, but it was worse when he responded, also in an undertone, "I dunno. One o' them music-hall comics, I expect."

I was reminded of this by two of the anecdotes in "Sub Rosa's" witty and delightfully entertaining reminiscences, "Press, Platform, and Parliament." He repeats Mr. Birrell's story of a Johnson Club supper at which Bonnor, the gigantic Australian cricketer, one of the guests, rising to speak, remarked that "until that night he had never heard of Dr. Johnson." Somebody laughed, but he went on in simple sincerity, "Yes; and, what is more, I come from a

great country where you might ride a horse sixty miles a day for three months and never meet anybody who had. But I have heard of him now, and can only say that, were I not Bonnor the cricketer, I would be Samuel Johnson."

"Sub Rosa" caps this with an incident he witnessed himself. He was one of a party at Bath unveiling a tablet to Johnson's friend Mrs. Piozzi. At supper afterwards among the many speakers was a local alderman who thoughtfully observed that till that night

he never understood that "this man Johnson" was supposed to be an interesting person. Encouraged by the cheering, he confessed that he once tried to read Boswell's "Life," but could not get on with it; and more rapturous-applause moved him to add, "Indeed, to tell you the truth, I thought Boswell's stuff was infernal rot from beginning to end."

"Sub Rosa" had been a brilliant and popular journalist for many years before he became one of those Members of Parliament who had so often been the victims of his humour, and the larger part of his book is given over to his Parliamentary recollections. Even in his early days he was in Parliament—up in the Press Gallery—and he records that when he put on some side and said to a veteran reporter

there that Members who made long speeches were a nuisance, the old hand placidly snubbed him with, "My dear fellow, what does it matter to us up here whether the speeches are long or short? If one fool is not up, another will be." Though he hedges somewhat immediately after, "Sub Rosa" accepts that as "a profound truth."

An impressive and terribly realistic little book is Mrs. Elinor Glyn's "Destruction"—a grim record of a pilgrimage she made to those tragic battlefields of France that at long last are silent. It is painful reading, but it is well we should not forget, in the rejoicings of these days, through what martyrdom they came who won this peace for us.

The one thing more fascinating than the tale of hidden treasure is the tale about two men and a woman wrecked on an island that is otherwise uninhabited. Even if there is only one man it is irresistible; if there are two, it is more so, especially when it is written with such deft artistry and such skill in the portrayal of human character, passion, and emotion as Temple Thurston uses in "David and Jonathan." An excellently glamorous romance—as, too, in its very different

way, is "Minniglen," a picturesque and unusual tale of love and war, with life in the Highlands for a background.

BOOKS TO READ.

- Woman's Voice: An Anthology. By Josephine Conger-Kaneko. (Boston: The Stratford Co.)
 Women Wanted. By Mabel Potter Daggett. With Foreword by Sir Gilbert Parker. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
 Press, Platform, and Pulpit. By Spencer Leigh Hughes ("Sub Rosa"). (Nisbet.)
 The Great Unborn. By Edwin Pugh. (Cecil Palmer and Hayward.)
 Destruction. By Elinor Glyn. (Duckworth.)
 David and Jonathan. By E. Temple Thurston. (Hutchinson.)
 Minniglen. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. (John Murray.)
 Fernando. By John Ayscough. (John Long.)



ONE OF THE NAVY'S MYSTERY SHIPS USED AGAINST SUBMARINES: A "Q"-BOAT WHICH PUT UP A FINE FIGHT AGAINST A U-BOAT.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



DISGUISED AS ORDINARY SEAMEN: OFFICERS ON BOARD THE "Q"-BOAT SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



Ruby and Diamond
Long Oval Cluster
Ring, £35 0 0



15-ct. Solid Gold
Pig Charm.
£1 15 0



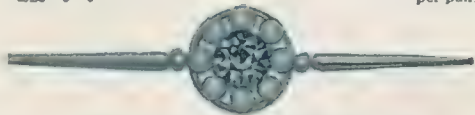
Irish Guards Badge Brooch,
Diamonds set in Palladium,
15-ct. Gold and Enamel,
£20 0 0



Diamonds and
Pearl Earrings, set in
Palladium,
£20 0 0



Diamond and
Pink Coral Drop
Earrings,
£13 10 0
per pair.



Blue Aquamarine and Pearl Bar Brooch,
Palladium Front, £7 15 0



Tank Corps Badge Brooch,
Diamonds set in Palladium,
15-ct. Gold and Enamel,
£35 0 0



Diamond and Sapphire Arrow
Brooch, set in Palladium,
£52 10 0



Gordon Highlanders Badge
Brooch, Diamonds set in
Palladium, 15-ct. Gold and
Enamel, £25 0 0



Keyless Lever Watch, Fully Jewelled, Compensation
Balance, Fine Quality Diamonds (Brilliants) set in
Palladium, Mounted on Black Moiré Strap,
£75 0 0



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WHAT WOULD HE DO WITH IT?



TOMMY: If we had lost this war, Jack, I wouldn't envy the bloke wot found it.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

PELMANISM AND PEACE

By ARTHUR F. THORN

Author of "Richard Jefferies and Civilisation," "Social Satires," &c.

THE truth that civilisation has been strained almost to breaking-point by the War will not be denied by those who are able to recall the cataclysmic events of the past four and a-half years. Nothing less than a revolution has taken place in society; but its progress has been too gradual for immediate realisation; the spectacular horrors of modern warfare have largely detracted the public consciousness from the social changes which have come about as a result of world conflict, but when peace comes these things will need to be appreciated in their true perspectives. The future will consist mainly of social problems that will demand the concentrated mental effort of every individual brain. Vital national issues directly affecting the lives of the people will demand serious consideration and successful treatment, not only by a few men of genius, but by the people themselves. There will be a vacuum in the social atmosphere that will draw all mentalities into its vortex, and if those mentalities are insufficiently equipped for the strain which will be put upon them, then the wisest plans of the minority will prove ineffectual.

How few are able to grasp mentally the significance of the present moment, or to visualise the intensely dramatic possibilities of the near future? How few are able to perceive that the War has, in the sense of destruction, set civilisation back a century, and that it will be absolutely necessary to repair the wreckage as soon as possible after peace is declared? The emotional reaction of joy that will inevitably succeed the birth of peace will for a time subordinate every other public emotion. One can quite clearly visualise a condition of happy chaos that will laugh in the face of serious thought and be quite unable to appreciate the fact that grave danger still threatens civilisation; that nothing short of collective intelligence and collective thinking will assure a sane future for democracy. The future needs thought as the human body needs food; it needs dynamic ideas and ideals; it needs effectively applied mental science, and it needs human understanding. The failure of the past to secure for the people a general high standard of living and social security which might leave man free to become aware of his higher mental self; this failure has been due to the absence of collective thought—the failure, in fact, of the average undeveloped mind. Let us examine this question closely. Great ideals and schemes for the betterment of mankind have been conceived and expressed by thinkers whose sole motive was the uplifting of their fellow men. They had no axe to grind—men like Ruskin, William Morris, Tolstoi, Emerson, and many others whose life-work was directed towards the elevation of mankind. These great men were not in themselves failures; they expressed their ideas very clearly; it is humanity that has failed, not the men of genius who have pointed a way to emancipation. Why have these mental pioneers been unable to produce a full and satisfactory result? Why has humanity failed to utilise the ideals of its great teachers? There is no excuse for humanity; *humanity has consistently refused to think; it has neglected its mind; failed to realise the importance of ideas, and, in so doing, has allowed the paralysing forces of ignorance to overwhelm it.* False dignity cannot point a flaw in this argument; it is as clear as the sun in mid-heaven.

Thought, rightly directed and intelligently applied to the complex problems of human life, can alone lift the race beyond the devastating effects of mental apathy and intellectual inertia. We have neglected our brains; we have failed to apprehend the infinite power of mind, and we suffer in consequence. Then, it will at once be said, education is also a failure. What has education been doing all these years? What is wrong with our educational system that the average person is not, in the highest sense of the word, educated? The answer is that educationists have been much too anxious to provide a utilitarian education—an education purposely designed to fit in with conventional ideas of life and with things as they are. Educationists have not properly appreciated the fact of individual psychology. Conventional education may impart much valuable technical knowledge, and at the same time fail to draw out those vital qualities of personal initiative and individual thought which are alone able to develop the pupils' highest potentialities. The result of such education is not a mind alive to the colour and joyous possibilities of life, but a mind encumbered with a certain mechanical arrangement of facts that are, within limits, quite useful, but which are also narrowly restricted, and do not, as a rule, enable the individual to become intimate with the possibilities of his or her own unique personality.

The whole problem of the future, in which it is generally admitted that reconstruction shall be the most important task, is a problem

which involves the mental response of the people to the idea of reconstruction in all its phases. People in all classes of society will need to think and analyse for themselves; they will have to discuss national affairs and bring their minds to bear intelligently upon the various aspects of social reconstruction. They will have to be mentally awake not only to their own personal interests, but also to the interests of others. The future will demand a clarified perception of right values and sane ideals; it will need clear, energetic brains and sensitive imaginations—mental qualities which do not develop without systematic exercise and rightly directed interest and concentration. The need for the healthy activity of these mental faculties exists increasingly, and the Pelman System of Mind and Memory Training has evolved side by side with this need. The Pelman System of mental education is nothing more nor less than a proved developer of every healthy and progressive activity of the human mind. There would appear to be no other system of Mind and Memory Training more likely to stimulate the latent powers of the undeveloped brain and prepare it for the intense intellectual battles of the future. The Pelman System invariably produces that requisite mental vitality and keen perception that can alone prove successful in a world fighting for existence with ideas. The Pelman System is more scientific and more certain of its ground than any other system which claims to provide an incentive to thought and a stimulus to imagination. It has psychology for its basis, whereas conventional education regards psychology as a mere branch of mental science, and does not normally include it in the popular curriculum. This oversight has caused the failure of conventional education just as the recognition of the psychological basis of mental life has proved the success of the Pelman System.

Briefly, then, the coming of peace will demand collective thinking; it will demand the serious consideration of, and creation of, ideas; it will demand intelligence. Nothing less than efficiently educated brains will be qualified to deal with those supreme national issues which must affect the race generally. Nothing short of national mental education will be of any practical value in the enormous task of social reconstruction. Pelmanism will play a much greater part in the shaping of our national future than many of us imagine. The world cannot become safe for the people and for posterity until each individual unit in society fully realises the possibilities of their own particular mentality and its power over the conditions of life which form its environment. The hopes which mental education holds out for the future are stupendous. There is no limit to the happy possibilities of the future if only humanity will collectively realise the divine potentialities of thought, and awaken to the necessity of creating a condition of human life which shall bless the children of to-morrow and justify the sacrifice and sorrow of to-day.

What Truth says—

"The first point which emerges in a survey of the present position of the Pelman Institute is . . . that recognition is being more and more accorded to its educational activities by men and women interested in the improvement of the intellectual fibre of the nation and the resultant increase in national efficiency. The judgment passed by Truth has been upheld by every judge who has examined the facts for himself, and, be it added, by a jury of unexampled magnitude, which has come to the same conclusion through personal experience.

"Allusion has already been made to the amazing increase in the number of men and women who have taken, or are taking, the Pelman Course of instruction. The number of students on the Pelman roll to-day has passed the 250,000† mark, and of those a very large proportion have enrolled within the past two years. From no one of these students has Truth heard a single word of discontent or a suggestion that any of the conclusions arrived at are misleading or fallacious, though those conclusions in a large proportion of recent enrolments were probably a determining factor."

† Now 400,000.

"Mind and Memory" (in which the Pelman Course is fully described, with a Synopsis of the lessons) will be sent, gratis and post free, together with a full reprint of "Truth's" famous Report on the Pelman System and a form entitling readers of "The Sketch" to the complete Course for one-third less than the usual fee, on application to the Pelman Institute, 41, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

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THE RISING GENERATION AND THE R.A.F.

By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

PEOPLE who believe in Leagues of Nations, and Universal Disarmament, and This is the Last War, and so forth, ought to study the rising generation if they want to get at the truth. Naturally, the youngsters take the greatest interest in the latest war weapons, so consequently the aeroplane is their particular pet in this direction, and the Royal Air Force is their particular goal. As a result, one is brought rather more closely in touch with the warlike youth of the nation than, perhaps, are other people concerned with less novel industries. A day or two after the armistice was declared one began to hear moans about the iniquity of allowing a peace to break out before young Tom, Dick, or Harry had had his whack at the Hun, or some enemy of some kind.

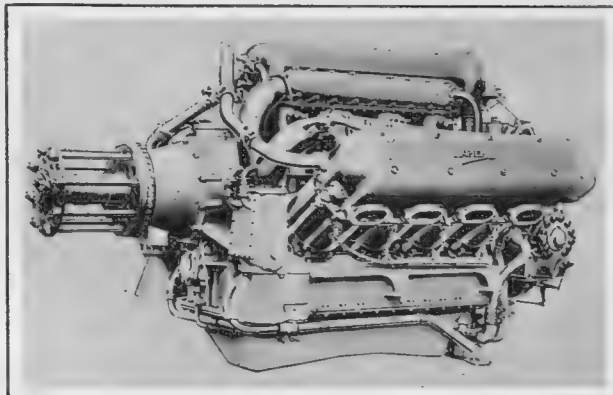
Waiting for
the Next War.

One day two letters arrived, both using the same phrase: "Isn't it rotten that I haven't had a chance in this war? I suppose now I've got to wait for the next." One was from a youngster at one of our best public schools, who was anxiously hoping that the war would hold on till after next January, when he would be of military age, for he had been promised a commission in the R.A.F. by someone who was in a position to keep such a promise. The other was from a young infantry officer who had had a leg permanently injured by a bomb a few days after landing in France for the first time, and had just, after a long rest, got his chance of transferring to the R.A.F. Both of them are quiet, well-behaved lads of the very best type, singularly inoffensive, and without any dislike of the German *qua* German, yet both want to go and kill somebody whom they have never seen and against whom they have no enmity whatever. Both belong to old soldiering families, and war is in their blood—that is all that is the matter with them. Happily, there are millions more like them in this country, so, however pacifist future Governments may be, the nation is never likely to be left entirely without adequate defence.

The Aero-'Bus
Driver.

The hawk-eyed aviator is by no means a creation of the picturesque writer. He is very much a fact, as anyone knows who has had much to do with the people who fly. And the hawk-eyed aviator will find plenty to do in the way of peace-flying when things settle down and commercial aviation becomes an established institution instead of merely a pleasant expectation. The man who is going to pilot

the fast passenger aeroplanes of the future will need the keenest of eyesight, and the pilot of the big aero-'bus will certainly not be allowed to make mistakes owing to defective eyes. The young sportsman who flies his own single-seater will be permitted to smash himself without anybody making much fuss about him; but the ferry-pilot in charge of a load of twenty or thirty people will have the responsibility not merely of so many lives, but of the good name of commercial aeronautics, so he will have to be very carefully selected. Therefore, one expects that the R.A.F. Medical Service, which is still in process of formation, will be used—if it is permissible—as the selecting authority for the big Air Lines, when they get going.



MADE FOR THE R.A.F.: A 450-H.P. NAPIER "LION" AERO ENGINE.

The engine has twelve cylinders, 5½-in. bore, arranged in three blocks. The crank-shaft is a four-throw shaft carried on roller bearings, and three pistons are connected with each crank-pin. The engine is very light and strong, remarkable for its reliability. The weight is 1.85 lb. per h.p. at normal power.—[Photograph by Bridge Studios.]

Weight-Lifting
Records.

Writing of passenger - carrying reminds one that

the Handley-Page performance recently, of lifting forty passengers and fuel for six hours' flying, is one of the very few flying records made—at any rate publicly—by British aeroplanes. For some curious and unexplained reason, the weight-lifting records have come our way oftener than any others. A year or so before the war that highly popular Franco-British pilot, Louis Noël, now one of the most decorated of French military aviators, put up world's records on the old Grahame-White aero-'bus with a 100-h.p. Green engine, carrying ten passengers. Then Clifford B. Prodger, an ex-cow-puncher from Texas, and one of the earliest American pilots, took up twenty-one passengers in the earliest of the Handley-Page twin-engined machines with Rolls-Royce engines; and now, in the latest four-engined machine, he lifts forty at one go. Curious that in each case the pilot should not be British; but we need not grudge either of our gallant Allies his share of the credit.

To Carry 120.

Incidentally, one hears that one of the late R.N.A.S. flying-boats

took up some thirty-five people at once many months ago; but that was never publicly announced, and one cannot vouch for the precise number. Also one hears that at least one other British machine is almost completed which will carry 120 people—a tidy little 'bus that; and it by no means touches the limit in size, for, after all, the air is a mighty big place, and, with methods of construction constantly improving and better materials constantly being produced, one can readily imagine that the ultimate profitable size for aeroplanes is still quite a long way ahead.



BACK TO "GOOD OLD BLIGHTY" WITH AN AIR ESCORT: A TRANSPORT ARRIVING AT HULL WITH REPATRIATED BRITISH PRISONERS, ACCOMPANIED BY AN AEROPLANE.

The transports were escorted into harbour by aeroplanes which discharged daylight fireworks.—[Photograph by C.N.]

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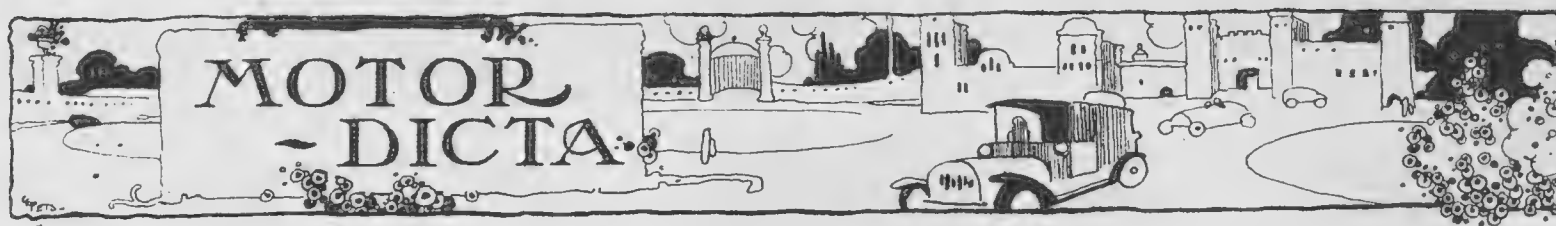
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THE POST-ARMISTICE POSITION: CARS AND PETROL. By GERALD BISS.

WITH the armistice (which all our optimists will insist on regarding as peace proper, regardless of all the slithery trickiness of the slim Hun and the many pitfalls of actual settlement) the interned motorist, immobile either for lack of petrol or for want of car, is raising a loud cry to Heaven for one or other or both *statim* and on the spot. Naturally, after such long immobility, patiently and patriotically endured, all feel the irk more than ever under dying Dora, now that the paramount necessity is not so obvious; but they must face the situation philosophically for a little while longer—especially those that are car-less, having parted with their old iron under compulsion or for filthy lucre. How far the motor industry is or is not ready for peace, time alone will reveal; but at the moment they are in the main all pathetically controlled and not the captains of their own souls. How long the M.O.M. will cling tenaciously to its big brood of controlled firms it is impossible to say; but in the interests of the industry, apart altogether from the individual, it is to be hoped that the bureaucratic instinct will be patriotically sacrificed before it is too late for the British firms to get a fair push-off in the great commercial race about to start. One enterprising motor journal, promptly on the heels of the armistice, sent out a round-robin to collect news of post-war plans and models; and the result was some very nice letters and telegrams saying, "Don't know; can't say; ask Winston." And that's about how the matter stands!

Post-War Cars. And now, dear reader, don't expect too much all at once—even at the best. As far as I can see, in many cases we are likely to have a sort of intermediate model to go on with, for many reasons; and it will only be the lucky ones who will be able to plunge straight-away into the full swing of a finally determined post-war model either in material or design. Again, it is futile, I fear, to look for £100 cars and low prices for a considerable while to come. Take alone the two factors of high wages and the price of raw materials; and no amount of alteration of methods, new machinery, or reorganisation upon quantity-production lines—especially while the individual allocation of raw

upheaval of the last lustrum. Moreover, cheapness looks like being a comparative term for a long while to come, if not for ever, the way things are galloping economically. The thing above all others is to get this "essential" industry successfully reconstructed on sound lines.

Petrol and the General Election. Then as for petrol—bureaucracy, I fear, will again die hard and be loth to fade into peaceful nothingness; but it must not be allowed to be reactionary. Petrol is the vital essence of motoring; and it is



A FAMOUS ACTRESS AT A BIRMINGHAM MUNITION FACTORY: MISS MARY ANDERSON (FOURTH FROM RIGHT) AT THE AUSTIN MOTOR WORKS.

Miss Mary Anderson, recently visited the Austin Motor Works, and their shell factories at Longbridge, where she addressed the hundreds of women workers and received a great ovation. The party, including the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Birmingham, lunched with Sir Herbert Austin, who conducted them round the works.

encouraging to see the group of papers which howled the car off the road now howling for it back again—with the poor private car, yclept the "joy-rider," last of all, of course. But petrol does not look much like being normal again before Easter, in my humble opinion, so far as the last-named class is concerned. However, next week it will be lawful, if not expedient, to use one's monthly dole in any way one likes within a thirty-mile radius of one's happy home or one's bankrupt business as long as it lasts—which is, after all, only a concession upon logical lines which I foreshadowed not so long ago might be made, without any reference to peace, in order to get rid of petty prosecutions, and the fact that it was in so many places winked at in the case of local bigwigs. Moreover, who is to say that the imminence of the General Election may not also have had something to do with this half-baked concession, as it will now give candidates a chance of jumping cars for Dec. 14 from keen politicians with petrol doles, and using up most of the allotment which has got to see them into the New Year, making the last fortnight of the old one a time not so much of prayer and fasting as of cursing and walking—with no chance of a little family joy-ride

on Boxing Day? On New Year's Day the Berkeley bureaucrats will begin to consider the increase of allotments to commercial and public-utility vehicles; but the poor private owner must wait disconsolate the very last of a long, long queue, reminiscent of margarine a year ago! Still, it must be borne in mind that there is plenty of petrol somewhere in the county, and an increasing supply coming in; and the War Controllers, with the death-rattle in their throats, must not in their turn be permitted to hoard it.



A BRITISH ARMOURD CAR IN BIBLE LAND: A WAR SCENE IN THE HILLS OF SAMARIA.

British Official Photograph.

material is strictly rationed—will counter-balance those factors for a long while to come, not only in this country, but in others, including America, where the war has put up prices also, despite the fact that the Yankees have been on velvet all through the war compared with the rest of the Allies. The British industry is quite pathetically distressed for fear that the emancipated public will expect too much of them in the way of price, owing to all that has innocently been written about the cheap car and the post-war millennium, which must take time to organise after the wild



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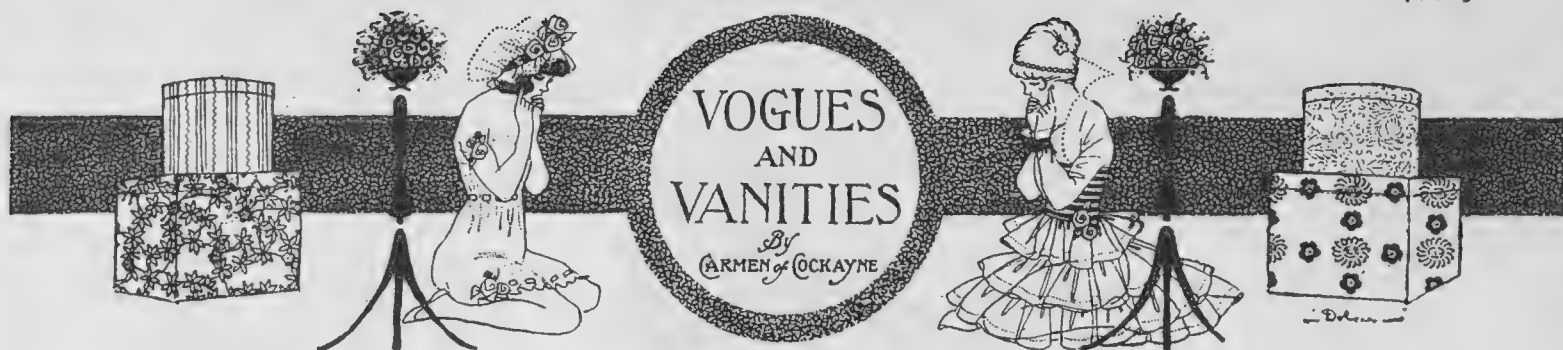
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The Birth of the Handkerchief.

History gives the origin of most things, but, so far as I know, is silent concerning the birth of the handkerchief. It may be that Eve's tears, as she left the delights of Eden behind her, prompted gallant Adam to pluck the largest leaf within reach to dry them. Or it may be it was an early victim of an influenza cold who first discovered that the cotton or linen handkerchief was a distinct improvement on its possible leafy predecessors. Anyway, whatever the origin, the handkerchief came, was seen, and conquered, and has been steadily growing more beautiful ever since. At the moment it has reached a crescendo of loveliness which makes one think that the handkerchief somehow had an inkling of the probable signing of the armistice which led to irresponsible gaiety and much broken glass a fortnight ago.

He Hadn't the Courage.

Handkerchiefs, being one of the few things that no Controller felt equal to tackling, have passed through the war unscathed as regards size or beauty. Whether it pleases you to use a moderate-sized square of linen or lawn or cambric, with your initials plainly embroidered in one corner, or whether your fancy runs to a diminutive square of sheer linen with hemstitched strappings to define the edge, matters very little to the authorities at Robinson and Cleaver's, in Regent Street, who have been engaged in handkerchief specialties for more years than most of us can remember, and hold very catholic views on the subject, as Dolores' sketches on this page convincingly show. Of course, any old bit of cloth could fulfil the purpose for which a handkerchief is intended, but there is no denying that a limited number of inches of handspun linen with spots or lace or hand-embroidered linen arranged round the hem, or an exquisitely executed design in hemstitching, or a more elaborate one based on filet ideals is far more interesting, quite as capable

of doing its work, and without question much more attractive to look at than an equal allowance of thick longcloth or cotton sheeting—and that is a trinity of virtues of which every woman will be quick to recognise the importance.

Beauty in All Kinds.

The home of the "handkie" can, like the article it's meant to hold, be itself of embroidered linen.

and virtue of thrift, there are still high prices and higher taxes to remind us that Foch, though he can stop hostilities, has no power to bring back the cheapness that was of all things accounted the most desirable before the war. However, so long as Robinson and Cleaver carry on the good work of providing handkerchiefs to suit all purses, no woman has any cause for complaint.

Cause for Gratitude.

Who could be anything but grateful to the French craftsmen who spend hours of their time producing gossamer affairs with a few flowers or some such device embroidered in one corner? The

VOGUES AND VANITIES

By CARMEN OCKAYNE



Every age has its handkerchiefs as well as its pleasures.



Tastes differ, and handkerchiefs know it; otherwise, why so many different varieties?

Handkerchiefs, like stars, differ

in glory. The fact does not impair their useful qualities, but it does make a difference to the cost; and, though there are no longer economy leagues to preach the beauty



It's mostly of real lace, but there is enough of homespun linen to make it useful.

woman who owns a handkerchief of hand-embroidered linen, decorated with an Adam design, made in some remote corner of Ireland, owes nothing but gratitude, first, to the Irish man or woman who made it, and secondly, to the authorities who so thoughtfully brought it over to London to give her an opportunity of judging its merits. Some of them—as, for example, one with a border worked in an intricate filet pattern round a plain centre—may be handspun; others, again, depend on machines for their existence, and the native skill of some artist in linen for their beauty. In both cases the result is the kind of thing that any average woman would be glad if she might call her own.

For Bridal Use.

Brides have been so numerous the last year or two that it was only to be expected that especial provision should be made for them in the way of handkerchief requirements. It has taken the form in which real lace plays the part of guardian to the finest centre the skill of the weaver has been able to produce. Handkerchiefs with a border of Duchesse lace are lovely; those with Brussels surround are lovelier still; and if there is any woman who thinks she can find anything to equal, far less beat, lace encircling a handkerchief centre of gossamer fineness that still manages to retain the look of individuality that characterises all hand-work, my only advice to her is that she had better go and look for it.

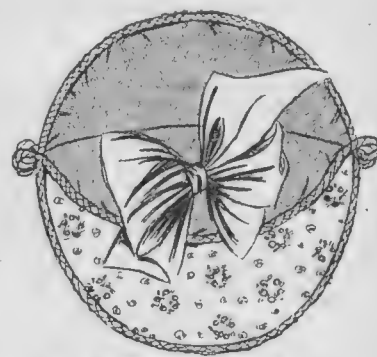
Colour for Gaiety.

Coloured handkerchiefs play a conspicuous part in dress. After all, it is not necessary, just because it happens to bear the name, to spend its life in the seclusion of some dark and cunningly concealed pocket or in the depths of the still popular handbag. It is possible to fulfil more than one purpose in life. Some

people prefer the white surface of their *mouchoir* to be sprinkled with red or green or yellow dots, or, alternatively, incline to a blue or orange or lemon or tan-coloured surface bordered with a design that suggests the Morse code or a strayed geometrical figure. Others, again, prefer to relegate gay trifles of this kind to nominal duty in a coat pocket. It fulfils both duties equally well, and proves itself better than many a human being in the doing of it.

Considering the Children.

The brightest chapter in handkerchief history is devoted to those prepared especially for small folk, whose love for their "handkies" is only equalled by their genius for losing them. But a good deal, of course, depends on the handkie—one of white lawn, for instance, is from the point of view of sheer amusement not particularly interesting, however useful it may be for other purposes than those for which it was originally made. But one of blue or yellow or pink cambric, for instance, has strong claims to affection—more especially when, as happens at the Regent Street house, it bears a black elephant or sheep or horse, or some other equally jolly design, stamped on a white medallion in one corner; and even white "handkies" assume a new interest when decorated with a "wavy" border topped by an endless procession of black ducks.



Beautiful things must be beautifully housed—hence this sachet.



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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

The First Feminine Election.

There is an air of "What shall we do next?" about people in these joyful days—so joyful that even yet we don't realise ourselves. On the top of it all comes women's first election, and—tell it not at St. Stephen's, and breathe it not near the Gilded Chamber—ten out of every dozen women don't give it as much as a thought. "Oh, bother the election—Jim's coming home next week!" may be taken as the feminine way of shelving politics. We shall vote, of course—as someone has classically said, it is the dinky thing to do don't you know—and we shall not trouble overmuch, but trust the men that worried through to our great and glorious win to build up again on the new foundation. Women will do their best to bring them back to power again with the whole country at their backs. Our sex is nothing if not grateful; and it would be a brave person who would call us nothing nowadays.

The Spring Petrol—Not Stormy.

Once again we begin to think about petrol and getting our cars out. They look so sad, poor things—jacked up, and some with tyres removed lest they rust to the rims. No one holds out hope of a free supply before Easter, but that will soon be with us. It is quite a pleasure to pore over a Goodrich Safety Tread Tyre booklet and think of how we shall have days through the lanes when the spring is coming, gliding along on these good tyres, which relieve our minds of thought of mishap, and leave us glad to be in England when the spring is here. I hope we may get petrol for the spring, and I am sure the authorities will give it as soon as possible, for everyone has been very good over all the restrictions of war-time. Goodrich have done such splendid service as war tyres that we are all very keen to have them for peace tyres.

Lords and Ladies. The House of Lords will not allow its Ladies to sit in it. The position is rather illogical and of true Gilbertian humour. There are not many Peeresses in their own right, and of that small number only one or two, who are of light and leading and wish to take an interest in the country, who



An evening dress of Pompeian-red mouseline-de-soie, the tunic and bodice of which are draped over silver tissue. The wreath and posy are in intense blue and silver.

would care to claim their seat. Who could imagine the Princess Royal, who earned the name of her Royal Shyness, insisting on a seat? Some of the Peeresses are minors; and of the noble twenty-one only one, Viscountess Rhondda, has ever shown any desire to take a lead in State affairs, and she has proved her capability. I think their Graces and my Lords had better have made a virtue of necessity, and welcomed the wearers of the petticoats. They will get there—all the more irely for a little opposition—and a very pleasant, decorative, and brightening effect they will have. The great dignitaries need not fear that their Chamber will be lowered. After all, they would not be there but for their mothers!

Necks in Retreat. Once again women begin to take proper pride in their necks and arms. The former have for half a decade been exposed to all that comes, and, not to put too fine a point on it, they have become weather-beaten and not pretty to behold. A few days ago a brother was chaffing his sister and bet her a Treasury note he had a prettier neck than hers. Off came his collar and tie and open his shirt, and there were no two ways about it—the note was his, and the less white and attractive neck hers. All this is to be altered. There is quite a run on Pomeroy Day-cream, which

(Continued overleaf.)

APHORISMS PERSONIFIED. By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.



"Love's Revolt"

VULGARITY is the vogue. It is possible to vulgarise oneself on refinement, but it is preferable to refine oneself on vulgarity. And contracting a fashionable disease, I am impelled to operate aphoristically.

Truth has become a stranger. It is therefore almost as amusing to write the truth as to listen to a good lie. I lead an amusing life.

I occasionally converse truthfully, but it requires much explaining, and—the day is so short.

I am inundated with understanding. "Your views are splendid, but, of course, you will wind up in prison." So writes a soldier. "You must be a Christ-like character," writes another of my innumerable correspondents. But my intimates tell me they do not agree with either.

I am neither Bolshevik nor Carmelite. I aspire to higher things.

I relish the doubt whether the war will make the world safe for Democracy, Bureaucracy, or Shamrockcracy.

My views on any subject can be stated in five words: "I disagree with most people." This is no proof of insanity.

National ideals are not merely beautiful in conception; they are the subtlest argument to empower the conscription of liberty.

War brings the most affluent emotions to inhuman nature. Should you doubt this, question the Brewers and the Bureaucrats,

If one accepts Christianity heaven must now be overflowing with young men. Hell will fill up later when the old men die—naturally.

Pessimists say, "The good die young." Optimists say, "The Young die! Good!"

When the Profiteer is asked, "What did you do in the great war, daddy?" he will be able to answer proudly, "I did well."

It is more logical for sterile spinsters to theorise on love than for childless men to dogmatise on the future of "our children."

Old men in armchairs have little regard for veracity. We hear them saying, "We have won the war"; why not "They"? Or is it an erroneous impression that the young men in the trenches had something to do with it?

I do not really like commercialism, but I appreciate caviare and a Rolls-Royce. And so I am commercial—occasionally.

My only objection to business is that it interferes with pleasure.

Wisdom is negative unless it enables one to appreciate the joy of foolishness.

Unless handicapped by education, it is not really difficult to become a millionaire if one is unscrupulous, but it impairs the mental and physical digestion.

War-time increases should be anything but a boast, but from 1909 to 1914 the business of Pope & Bradley increased 1,000 per cent. So appearances convict me of commercialism. But no credit is due for commercial success. It only requires an ordinary intelligence. This may, of course, read as a reflection on the average intelligence.

14, OLD BOND STREET, W. 1.

THE PROPRIETORS of
WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR SOAP

Tender their apologies to their customers, old and new, who have been disappointed by delay in delivery.

The demand for
THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

(Especially in the EAST),

For

THE RED CROSS HOSPITALS

and the General Trade, has largely increased, whilst the Government Control Departments have not been able to allow adequate supplies of raw material to cope with the increased demand.

WRIGHT'S
Is the ORIGINAL and ONLY GENUINE
COAL TAR SOAP.

For nearly 60 Years it has had the recommendation of
THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

WRIGHT, LAYMAN & UMNEY, Ltd.

SOUTHWARK, LONDON, S.E. 1.

**Tucked Georgette
Dinner Blouse**

Many of the newest Model Blouses are elaborately tucked. The blouse illustrated is a typical example

GEORGETTE BLOUSE, made by our own workers, in graduated tucks forming bolero effect for wearing with high-waisted skirts, with the new three-quarter sleeve and fastening at back. Specially suitable for Restaurant wear. In black, white, lemon, mauve, rose, champagne, and many dark colourings.

SPECIAL PRICE

39/6



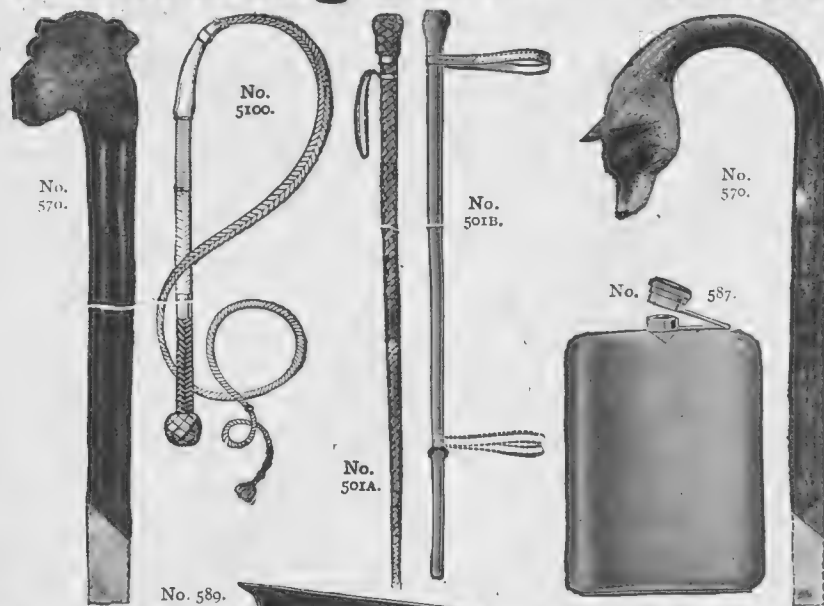
Fur-lined Moccasin, as sketch, for Boudoir wear, in light shades of antelope, beautifully embroidered.

Price 42/- per pair.

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street,
(Cavendish Square) London, W.1

Charming Gifts for Xmas



No. 587.—**Pocket Flask** (as illustrated). Non-corrosive, oxidised, bayonet top, plated inside, extra flat, concave shape, $\frac{3}{4}$ -pint ... 42/-
Ditto, smaller size ... 35/-, 37/6

No. 588.—**Pigskin Cigarette Case**, to hold 30 cigarettes ... £0 15 0
No. 588A.—Ditto, lined silk ... 1 1 0
No. 589.—Ditto, superior quality, lined pigskin ... 1 5 0
No. 501A.—**Loaded or Unloaded Stick**, whalebone centre, plaited all over kangaroo hide, wrist strap ... 2 10 0
No. 501B.—Ditto, whalebone centre, covered all over pigskin, sliding wrist strap ... 2 10 0
No. 501C.—Ditto, steel centre, covered all over pigskin, sliding wrist strap ... 1 15 0
No. 501D.—Ditto, ditto, short length for riding ... 1 5 0
No. 5100.—**Officers' Newmarket Whip**, whalebone centre, plaited all over kangaroo hide, loaded end, silver collar, with thong ... 2 5 0
No. 570.—**Hazel Walking Stick**, carved Airedale, bulldog, fox, otter, pheasant, or other heads ... 1 17 6

Postage { Inland 6d. B.E.F. 1/6 } extra. Send for 1918 Illustrated List of Military Equipment.

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By Appointment to H.M. the King,
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VOGUE & VALUE



CALL and see Gooch's "Victory Ball" display of Evening Gowns, Wraps, and Shoes. For this great event our Parisian designer has produced creations that will stand beyond comparison. And the prices are of the usual Gooch moderation.

As the Peace Christmas approaches the Children's Salon shows more and more of those charming little party frocks that bring visitors, or their orders, from all parts of the country.

"LORRAINE," Artistic Gown in Flesh Pink Satin, with Tulle draperies, ornamented at waist with band of silver ribbon and French flower.

£7 7 0

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BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.

VENN'S DAINTY UNDIES for XMAS PRESENTS

The Original House for Regimental Undies.

Special Xmas Gift Offer

Milanese Silk Vests, daintily embroidered, in pink and white only, all sizes ;
3 in Chintz-covered box .. £2 15 6

Dainty openworked best quality French Silk Hose, catalogued price 21/- 6 pairs, assorted shades and black .. £5 18 6

A CHANCE FOR LADIES to give a man a Venn Gift!

Heavy Jap Silk men's Mufflers, with Regimental Crest embroidered one corner .. 21/-
Or without Crest .. 14/6

Or same quality Jap Silk H'chief, Crested 13/6
Without Crest .. 7/6 each.

Write for an artistic Brochure and Special Christmas Gift Leaflet.

VENN'S Ltd.,

Look up for the sign over Rolls-Royce.

14 & 15, Conduit St., London, W. 1.

'Phone—1407 Mayfair.



No. 47. Our famous crested Undies.

Nightly (as sketch) ..	£2 12 6
Knickers to match ..	1 13 0
Chemise do. ..	1 10 0
Camisole do. ..	0 16 0

Embroidered with any Crest, Fimble or Monogram. In Ivory, Pink, Sky, Helio, Champagne, Lemon, Peach, Jade, or Black Crêpe-de-Chine. Dainty Nighty Case in Pink or White only and embroidered with any Crest, Emblem, or Monogram .. £1 5 6



No. 94. Dainty Crêpe Chemise and elastic-waisted Knickers, Hemstitched & Picot edged as sketch

The two £3 3 0

In Ivory, Pink, Sky, Helio, Champagne, Lemon, Peach, Jade, or Black Crêpe-de-Chine.

ALPACA KNITTED COATS

PRACTICAL, useful and becoming, in a variety of exclusive designs.

ALPACA WOOLLEN SPORTS COATS (as sketch), in beautiful mixture colours which go well with tweeds. The collars of these coats are extra thick and fleeced, being striped in the two shades of which the body of coat is made. Large sizes in stock.

Price 7 Gns.



No. 3886. Hand-made Lace and Linen DINNER SETS, of 25 pieces. Consisting of—
12 6-inch round Wine Doylies,
12 10-inch " "
1 23-inch round Centre. "

£5 5 0 the Set.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET LONDON W1

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ATKINSONS PARFUM

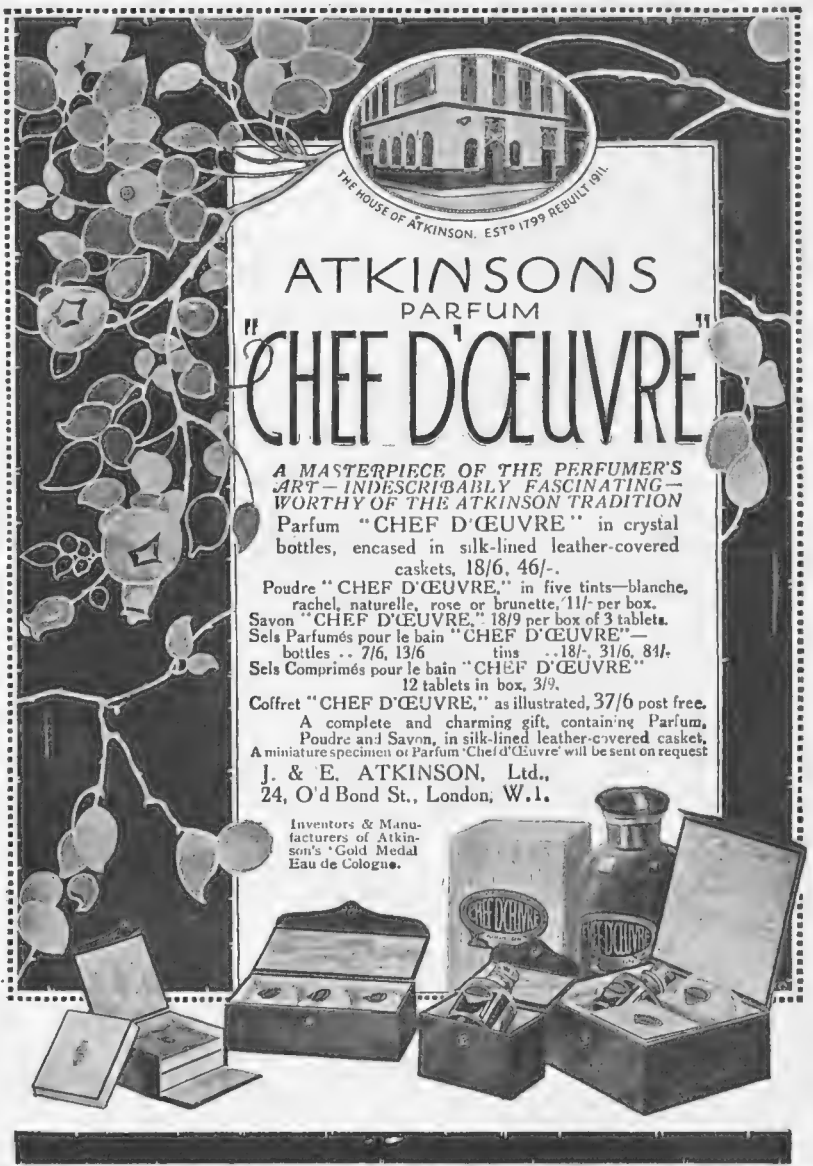
"CHEF D'ŒUVRE"

A MASTERPIECE OF THE PERFUMER'S ART—INDESCRIBABLY FASCINATING—WORTHY OF THE ATKINSON TRADITION
Parfum "CHEF D'ŒUVRE" in crystal bottles, encased in silk-lined leather-covered caskets, 18/6, 46/-.

Poudre "CHEF D'ŒUVRE," in five tints—blanche, rachel, naturelle, rose or brunette, 11/- per box.
Savon "CHEF D'ŒUVRE," 18/9 per box of 3 tablets.
Sels Parfumés pour le bain "CHEF D'ŒUVRE"—
bottles .. 7/6, 13/6 tins .. 18/-, 31/6, 84/-
Sels Comprimés pour le bain "CHEF D'ŒUVRE"—
12 tablets in box, 3/9.

Coffret "CHEF D'ŒUVRE," as illustrated, 37/6 post free.
A complete and charming gift, containing Parfum, Poudre and Savon, in silk-lined leather-covered casket. A miniature specimen of Parfum "Chef d'Œuvre" will be sent on request.
J. & E. ATKINSON, Ltd.,
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Inventors & Manufacturers of Atkinson's 'Gold Medal' Eau de Cologne.



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FAMOUS FOR LADIES' WEAR

KENSINGTON W.

UNDERWEAR, CORSET
& OUTFITTING SECTIONS

1st Floor :
Main Barker Building

The Vogue of Velveteen

*The fashion for the
rich-looking Velveteens
for Autumn & Winter
wear is well-established*

Barkers offer visitors
the widest selection in
charming gowns in all
the favourite colours

Elegantly made

TEA GOWN

in velveteen of richest
quality, daintily
trimmed with fur. No
fastenings. The gown
is cut on graceful lines
from the shoulders,
the drapery of the back
being particularly
effective

Colours :

Saxe, green, wine, grey,
nigger, navy and black,
amethyst,

**7½
GNS**

The
**Xmas Fair
NOW OPEN**

Second Floor:
Barker Store

Barker Xmas Book
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BEST VALUES IN LONDON AT BARKERS

John Barker and Compy Ltd
Kensington, W. 8

Walpole
BROS. LTD
89
90 NEW BOND ST W.

UNAPPROACHABLE VALUE

WINTER DRESSING GOWN

of ribbed Velvet, lined throughout
with fancy Delaine. The Model is
specially designed by the "House of
Walpole" in anticipation of a trying
Winter. It is exceptionally becoming,
the collar being trimmed with double
rows of fur, as are also the three-
quarter sleeves, and the Gown fastens
with a girdle.

Walpole Brothers could not have
offered this ideal Gown of comfort at
the price had they not purchased the
Fabric and Fur before the many
increases which have taken place.

PRICE

69/6

Colours :—Jade, Light Rose, Dark
Rose, Mauve, Purple, Saxe Blue,
Pale Blue, Brown.

One garment only, with a range of colours, can be sent on approval; if not already a Customer kindly send London trade reference. Remittance with order greatly facilitates despatch, and in case of non-approval of a garment the amount forwarded will be refunded.

CORSETS

Our Corset Department offers
quite exceptional advantages to
customers. It is under the
control of a clever Corsetière,
who personally designs every
pair of Corsets offered for sale.
The result is that ladies are
able to buy quite inexpensive
Corsets made from thoroughly
reliable materials upon the most
scientific principles. We have
now an exceptionally good se-
lection of Corsets and Corselets
in stock, including the Tricot
Corset.

HIP-BELT, as sketch, espe-
cially woven to shape, made
of best quality Tricot, with two
pairs of suspenders.

PRICE **31/6**

"SOUTIEN GORGE," as
sketch, made of best quality Silk
Tricot, trimmed Valenciennes
Lace, ribbon over shoulder.

PRICE **25/-**

Can be had deeper - **35/6**
Catalogue post free.

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Wigmore Street.
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(Cavendish Square) London. W. 1

Famous for over a Century
for Taste, for Quality, for Value.

NOTE.— This Establishment is
closed on Saturdays.

SUPER TRENCH BOOT

Cleaning up "Out there."

The fighting is over, but many thousands of men must remain to clear up. They will tramp about in the wind and rain, in the shell-torn battle area with mud and slush churned up feet deep by heavy and incessant traffic. To these men we offer our "Super" Trench Boot—a boot built to resist cold and damp—well knowing that the joy of warm, dry feet will cut out half the discomfort of winter campaigning.

Norwegian Pattern. Modelled to allow of room for extra pairs of stockings.

£4.15.0 £5.15.0

EXTRA SUPER
£7.15.0

Write for New Military Brochure.

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(Opposite Swan and Edgar's).
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London and Paris.



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MADE BY THE VILLAGE LACE-MAKERS
IN THEIR OWN HOMES.

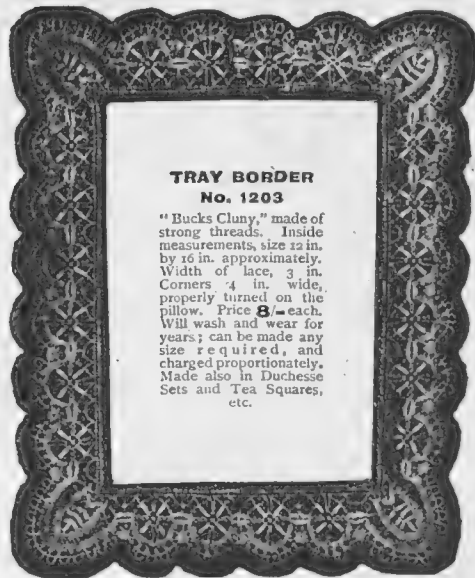


Made in the Cottage
Homes of Bucks.

Lace, from 9d., 1/-
up to 5/- per yard.

Collars,
Handkerchiefs
Corset Covers
Yokes
D'Oylies
Tray Cloths
etc., etc.

Our Laces were awarded the Gold
Medal at the Festival of Empire
and Imperial Exhibition, Crystal
Palace, 1911.



TRAY BORDER
No. 1203

"Bucks Cluny," made of
strong threads. Inside
measurements, size 12 in.
by 16 in. approximately.
Width of lace, 3 in.
Corners 4 in. wide,
properly turned on the
pillow. Price 8/- each.
Will wash and wear for
years; can be made any
size required, and
charged proportionately.
Made also in Duchesse
Sets and Tea Squares,
etc.

LADIES'
UNDERWEAR

made to
order, and
trimmed with

BUCKS LACE

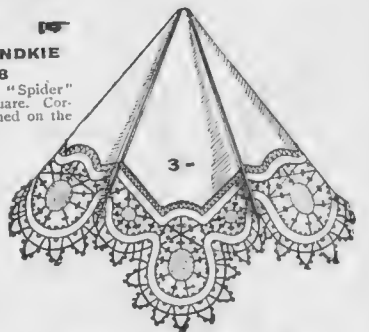
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needlewomen

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WORKED.

AN APPROPRIATE
CHRISTMAS
PRESENT.

DAINTY HANDKIE
No. 918

Price 3/- each. "Spider"
design. 9 in. square. Cor-
ners properly turned on the
pillow



CAMISOLE OR
NIGHTDRESS YOKE
No. 1203

In "Bucks Cluny" design.
Price 5/6. Sleeve pieces to
match, 4/6 per pair. Vari-
ous other designs and shapes
from 6/6 to 21/- each.

Write for particulars—

BUCKS COTTAGE WORKERS AGENCY
(Mrs. Armstrong),
OLNEY, BUCKS, ENG.



COATEE BLOUSES

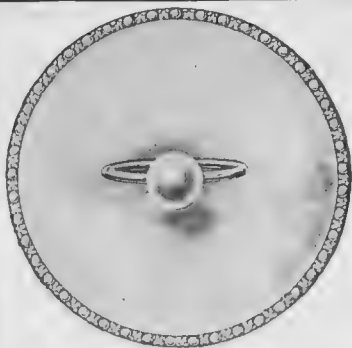
ALL the leading Paris
Model houses are now
showing Coatee Blouses
similar in character to the
garment illustrated. These
Coatees are both smart and
becoming, but the main
object that the Paris de-
signers have had in view is
both warmth and comfort
which will be an absolute
necessity during the coming
Winter.

NEW BLOUSE COATEE
(as sketch), in rich Chiffon
Velveteen, lined chiffon,
adapted from a Cheruit
model. Small roll collar and
deep border of rich brocade.
In brown, sage, grey, bottle
green, wine, parma, nigger,
black, and navy.

Price 69/6

MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.

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be closed on Saturdays until
further notice.



No. 5. This beautiful single Ciro Pearl Ring, mounted in either gold or platine, is exactly similar to one for which one of our clients was offered £110 by an expert who, of course, thought the pearl was genuine. The price is but **£1 1 0**

OUR GUARANTEE

convinces you beyond a shadow of doubt that our values are absolutely unequalled. The fact that we return you your money promptly if you are not satisfied is sufficient to convince you of our confidence in the value we give.



This is a photographic reproduction of a Ciro Pearl Necklet. Price **£1 1 0**. (Including case, 2/- extra.)

We will send you a Necklet, a Ring, or Jewel with Ciro Pearls, on receipt of **£1 1 0**. Wear either for a week. Compare it with the finest of genuine pearls or the highest-priced artificial pearls. If you are not satisfied, or if your friends can tell it is not real, return it to us, and we will refund your money in full. CIRO PEARLS are sold at one price only. Whether a gorgeous string of pearls, a ring, a brooch, a pair of earrings, or any jewel, no matter what size pearl you require, the price is **£1 1 0**. The mountings are as exquisite as if the pearls were genuine. Our only address is **42, Piccadilly, W. 1** (directly opposite Prince's Restaurant) on the first floor. Orders by post will have our intelligent, careful service. **The Ciro Scientific Pearl Co., Ltd. (Dept. 5).**

Descriptive Booklet No. 5 on request.

Nothing could be more acceptable, more certain of pleasing than one of the many delightful jewels mounted with Ciro Pearls. The demand for these remarkable replicas of the choicest Oriental Pearls increasingly exceeds the supply. Order to-day to avoid disappointment.

No. 1 is a pair of single ear-rings with Ciro Pearls of wonderful lustre. They may be had for pierced or unpierced ears, mounted on solid gold, with pearls of any desired size. Price **£1 1 0**.



Individuality—and a Cigarette Case

NOWADAYS there might be little to distinguish the patrician from the plebeian as far as clothing goes, though in a dozen minor but decisive points your personality flashes out. A Cigarette Case, for example, which is in your hand every other hour of the day, is worth having right. A good thing is "a joy"—if not "for ever," at any rate every time you use it.

This new Mark Cross Cigarette Case is distinctive. It holds 15 Cigarettes and can be had either plain or with silver gilt mounting round the edges.

No. 3634, as illustrated, made in Pigskin and in Blue, Brown, and Black pin seal leather.

Unmounted	16/-
Mounted	32/-

Write for our new Catalogue of interesting CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Mark Cross Ltd
89 Regent Street London W.1



Quality!

What it means in food.

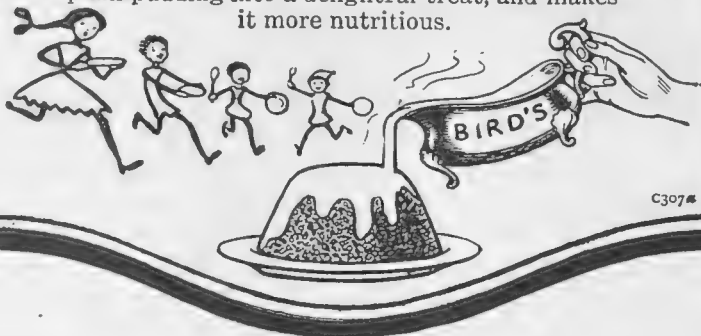
In food, good quality means nourishment to sustain life and build up the body.

The name 'BIRD'S' has been the symbol of best quality for over 80 years. Even during the long War, the quality and nutritive powers of Bird's Custard have never fallen.

BIRD'S CUSTARD

still adds 25% to the nutritive value of milk "A very high achievement" (vide Analyst's report), transforming it into a satisfying delicious dish.

It pays in health and energy to serve Bird's Custard with every meal. A spoonful to each helping turns a plain pudding into a delightful treat, and makes it more nutritious.



C307#

ATTRACTIVE AND INEXPENSIVE DANCE FROCKS

OUR own exclusive models, designed and made in our own workrooms from rich quality materials. These frocks are perfectly cut, and the finish is equal to that of the best type of garment made to order.

DANCE FROCK (as sketch), with simple sequin bodice and wing sleeves of net daintily finished with tassel. Well-cut draped skirt of rich quality satin. In black only.

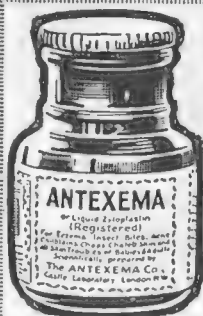
Price 7½ Gns.

No 546. Pure Linen TABLE DAMASK. Thistle design, fine quality. Cloths size—

2 x 2 yards	38.9 each.
2 x 2½ "	45.9 "
2 x 3 "	55.9 "
2 x 3½ "	64.9 "
2 x 4 "	73.6 "
2½ x 2½ "	59.6 "
2½ x 3 "	72.9 "
Napkins to match.	
27 x 27 inches	55/- dozen.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W 1

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That's what You want for Your Skin Trouble

Are you worried by eczema which tortures you day and night? Are you disfigured by face spots? Are your hands red, rough, or cracked? Is there an itching rash on your back or chest? Have you a bad place on your leg? There's a certain remedy for every one of these troubles. Antexema stops the itching, and soon removes every blemish from your skin.

Whatever your skin complaint, Antexema will cure it completely. Eczema, bad legs, bad hands, babies' skin troubles, chaps, chilblains, pimples, rashes, and all irritated, inflamed, or diseased skin conditions are conquered by Antexema. The healing process starts immediately, and every day you see a steady improvement, and soon every sign of skin illness disappears. Start your cure to-day. Delay is dangerous.

Antexema succeeds after specialists and other treatments have failed.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots' Cash Chemists, Army & Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parkes', Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis and Burrows' at 1/3 and 3/- per bottle, or direct post free in plain wrapper, 1/6 and 3/- from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.1. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and Europe.



A message to Mothers

Let your child wear the Claxton Ear Cap in the nursery and during sleep and any tendency to outstanding ears will be corrected. The Claxton Ear Cap gently moulds the cartilages while they are pliable. Made in rose-pink in 21 sizes. Send your order direct, giving measurements round head just above ears, and over head from lobe to lobe of ears, to S. K. Claxton, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.1, and enclose remittance of 4/-. Also obtainable from chemists, stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, John Barker & Co., Ltd., Garrold's, Woolland Bros., and other Ladies' Outfitters.

THE SWAN FOUNTPEN

Useful Present that will Last

THE merely pretty and useless type of gift is more superfluous to-day than ever. In a world seriously short of raw materials utility comes first. When choosing Xmas presents remember this, and decide to give your friends a "Swan" Fountpen, which will be of real service to them at all times, and which they will keep and use for an unlimited period. From the many "Swan" models, ranging from 10/6 to £10, you can select the right one for your particular friend.

OF STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.
At pre-war prices, from 10/6

Illustrated Catalogue post free.

MABIE TODD & Co., Ltd., London, Manchester, Paris, Zurich, Sydney, Toronto, etc.

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NAVAL, MILITARY
& CIVIL TAILORS

OFFICERS' UNIFORMS

Cut and tailored by experts in Naval and Military clothing, Officers' uniforms supplied by Wilkinsons are celebrated for correctness of detail, quality of material and durability.

Buying only from the Best British Manufacturers, their Serges, Whipcords, Baratheas, and Cavalry Does give the best wear, stand the greatest strain, and remain faultless in style to the end.

Personal Naval and Military Equipment of every description supplied from stock, and complete Outfits at short notice.

WILKINSON'S SERVICE KIT

At one inclusive price, Wilkinson's Service Kit provides a complete equipment necessary for Officers on Active Service in accordance with Government Regulations.

Full particulars and self-measurement form on application.

Always Correct
in Every Detail.

THE WILKINSON SWORD CO., LTD.,

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Telephone: Regent 3918.



"Viyella"

(Regd. Trade Mark).

KHAKI SHIRTS

For Practical Value—Healthful, Durable,
Non-irritant and Unshrinkable.

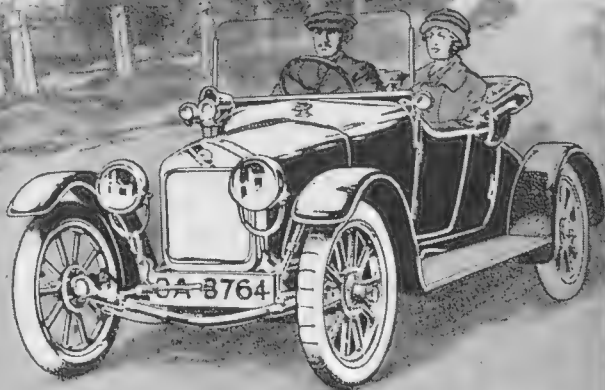
If you are unable to obtain, write to the Manufacturers for name of suitable Retailer.



Regd. Trade Mark.

WM. HOLLINS & CO., Ltd
(Trade only), 29, Viyella
House, Newgate Street,
London, E.C.1.

Stellite Cars



OF UNIQUE
DISTINCTION.
NO WEAK
POINTS.

BUILT BY A BRANCH OF VICKERS LTD.
Add your name to our Waiting List
THE ELECTRIC & ORDNANCE ACCESSORIES CO. LTD.
WARD END WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.

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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

•MEDIUM STRENGTH•

THE MANUFACTURERS REGRET
THAT UNDER PRESENT
CONDITIONS IT IS
IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE
OUTPUT TO CORRESPOND
WITH THE GREATLY INCREASED
DEMAND.

Terms and particulars with
regard to supplies of these
Cigarettes at Duty Free Rates
when required for gratuitous
distribution to wounded Soldiers
and Sailors in Hospital may
be obtained from:—

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM.

D 744

BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO.
(OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LIMITED.

Aristocracy in Dress

Do you want to look like everybody else or do you prefer that others should wish to look like you? An air of distinction and style is imparted to wearers of LISTA PURE SILK.



LISTA
PURE SILK

Wholesale only:

LISTER & Co., Ltd., 12, Old Change, London, E.C.

VENUS PENCILS

The name "VENUS" on a pencil is a guarantee of pencil superiority, and you are certain when you buy the "VENUS PENCIL" that you are securing an unequalled product.

FOR EVERY PENCIL PURPOSE.

17 Grades: Blacklead, 6B (softest) to 9H (Hardest); also 3 styles Copying.

Of all Stationers, Stores, etc., throughout the World.

"VENUS," 173-5, LOWER CLAPTON ROAD, E. 5.



Gone at last.

For years those forty or fifty superfluous hairs had destroyed the charm of her face. Now they have been removed by Pomeroy, and the mirror shows back a face absolutely unblemished. The hairs will never grow again; they cannot, for both root and papilla have been destroyed by the experts who give the perfected Pomeroy treatment.

POMEROY
TREATMENT FOR
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd., 29, Old Bond St., London, W.
Liverpool: 114, Bold St. (top of Colquitt St.)—
Manchester: 10, St. Ann's Sq.—Glasgow: 281,
Sauchiehall St.—Dublin: 67, Grafton St.

"Bective"

WINTER
SHOES
FOR LADIES

Durability combined with an ultra-smart appearance has created a demand which owing to war conditions we have not been able to meet as promptly as we should like.

You will wish to be doubly sure this winter that your shoes are dependable therefore write for name of nearest agent to—

BECTIVE SHOE CO
JAMES BRANCH & SONS LTD
NORTHAMPTON
FOUNDED 50 YEARS AGO

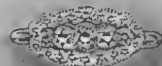


N.W. 127

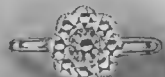
J.W. Bensons 25 Old Bond St. W.1.



£160



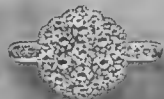
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Coloured
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Diamond Engagement Rings.

And 62 & 64, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 4



GROWTH

THE INCREASE OF A LIVING ORGANISM
EXTENSION; DEVELOPMENT; PROGRESS; EXPANSION.

Youth is the period of growth; therefore youth is measured not merely by years or age, but by the power to grow.

By this standard, Tootals, although dating from the days of the handloom, is to-day a youth of splendid possibilities; a living, growing organisation for better and more important public service.

Tootal's Social and Educational Service to those assisting in its progress goes hand in hand with its expanding Public Service in providing a constantly increasing range of Branded Cotton Fabrics of standardised and guaranteed quality. By this means it guarantees value for price to those who buy its plainly identified products, and assures Retailers of completely Satisfied Customers.

Tootal also render a great National Service by steadily extending the sale of these Branded Lines throughout the world; it expands British Export Trade, provides increased employment to British labour, and builds up the Nation's wealth, upon which National social welfare depends.

THE TOOTAL MARK OF GUARANTEE
IS STEADILY GROWING IN POPULARITY.



Sold by High-Class Drapers and Outfitters.

TOOTAL CLOTH: the Guaranteed Velvet Fabric, equal to silk velvet for graceful draping. Rich colors that will not rub off. In plain and cord, 27 inches wide.

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TOOTAL PIQUÉ: White and indelible colors. 43/44 inches wide.

TOOTAL SHIRTINGS for men and women. Indelible colors. 32 inches wide.

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TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LTD

(Continued.)

will soon restore the weather-beaten to the normal. It can be had in dainty half-crown vases from 29, Old Bond Street, W. Meanwhile, necks are in retreat behind high collars, and when they emerge, after their Day-cream treatment, will once again be the most alluring ornament of woman for the evening.

Not Exactly a Palace of Peace.

Why does not somebody start an International Boarding House for reversed Royalties? Think what a lot there are that would be glad to be taken in anywhere! I believe the Allies might consider the ex-Kaiser sufficiently punished by residing on the first floor, and having Karl, Tino, and Ferdinand in for two hours daily to read the world's newspapers to him—particularly the portions referring to himself. Archdukes and Grand Dukes might have the second floor, and Princelings and Dukes the third. The Emperors and Kings would be on the ground floor, and the Counts in the attics. It would be such a good plan to keep them all together and out of mischief, and they could exercise their imaginations in mutual recriminations. I am afraid that it would not be exactly a Palace of Peace!

Supreme Comfort. "Come in here and see what real rest means." It was an alluring invitation, and in a minute I found myself ensconced in a "Burlington" chair in J. Foot and Son's, 171, New

Why does not somebody start an International Boarding House for re-



Reclining Madame-Recamier-like, she wears a tea-gown of periwinkle-blue georgette over silver tissue, embroidered with blue jet, and trimmed with white fox. In order to make the colour-scheme "tres ballet russe," her friend wears a frock of Chartreuse-green charmeuse with black lace and skunk.

Bond Street. Oh, what bliss it was—a day when all London was mad with joy, and I had walked until I began to believe I had worn the soles from my shoes! What a chair! Perfect springs, perfect adaptation to one's anatomy—and then, by touching a button, came the white magic of a move into another position! The leg-rest was adaptable to any way one wanted one's lower limbs; the sides were made so that an invalid could be slid from bed to chair; there was a table to fit just at the right level; there was a reading-desk to use or push aside; there was a stand for sundries—in fact, there was, and there is, supreme comfort in the "Burlington"; and, if any-one wants to earn the greatest gratitude, give a "Burlington" chair for a Christmas present.

Flying Fashions. Aerial and ethereal will

not do for flying fashions—which, with the withdrawal of war restrictions, will come into the feminine plan of campaign as regards dress. Are we not waiting for the going of the first aerobus to Paris, and are not its women passengers receiving hints from their flying-men friends as to practical clothing for the trip? High authority has said that women will make admirable peace-time pilots; but our clothes for the job will be quite unlike those of the orthodox

(Continued overleaf.)

If you want
THEATRE SEATS
call or telephone
as under

48, Cheapside, E.C. 2	City 473 (5 Lines)
46, King William St., E.C. 4	City 2452
148, Fenchurch St., E.C. 3	Avenue 3020
4, First Avenue Hotel Buildings, Holborn, E.C. 1	Holborn 15
Hotel Russell, Russell Square, W.C. 1	Museum 641
3, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C. 2	Gerrard 8475
Savoy Hotel, Strand, W.C. 2	Gerrard 4343
45, Aldwych, W.C. 2	City 9155
64, Southampton Row, W.C. 1	Museum 2648
162, New Bond St., W. 1	Regent 6000 (12 Lines)
31, Coventry St., Piccadilly Circus, W. 1	Gerrard 2628
Junior Army and Navy Stores, York House, Regent St., S.W. 1	Gerrard 4371
30, Berners St., W. 1	Museum 96
42, Poland St., W. 1	Regent 4455, 4456, 4457
Ritz Hotel, Piccadilly, W. 1	Gerrard 8494
Claridge's Hotel, Brook St., W. 1	Mayfair 7160
Carlton Hotel, Pall Mall, S.W. 1	Gerrard 1367
47, Kensington High St., W. 8	Kensington 371
Langham Hotel, Portland Place, W. 1	Mayfair 5080
William Whiteley, Ltd., Queen's Road, W. 2	Park 1
The Civil Service Co-operative Society, Ltd., 28, Haymarket, S.W. 1	Gerrard 7930 (5 Lines)
48 & 50, Victoria St., Westminster (Windsor Hotel Buildings), S.W. 1	Victoria 4727 & 4728
Grosvenor Hotel, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. 1	Gerrard 9061/6
83, Brompton Road, S.W. 1	Kensington 3060
5, Charing Cross, S.W. 1	Gerrard 6632
Hotel Great Central, Marylebone Road, N.W. 1	Paddington 4590
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167, Finchley Road, N.W. 3	Hampstead 5068

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we go
to a
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If you want to book good seats at any theatre at short notice, you save time and trouble by calling at or phoning any one of Keith Prowse & Co.'s Branch offices mentioned in the panel to left hereof. Theatre seats that cannot be obtained elsewhere may be secured through Keith Prowse & Co., Ltd., who have at their exclusive disposal the best seats at all theatres.

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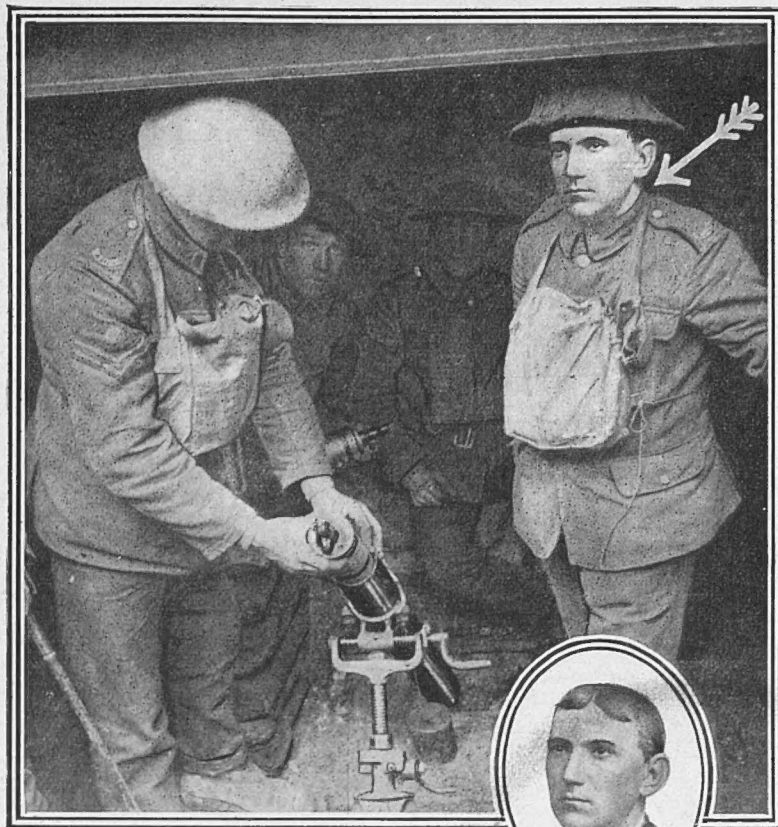
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MUSICAL
INSTRUMENTS
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MUSIC PUBLISHED.
TUNING & REPAIRING
OF ALL INSTRUMENTS.





H. RUMSEY, D.C.M., M.M.,
King's Royal Rifles,
(late Trench Mortar Battery),
British Expeditionary Force.



"While I was in training at Whitby I became run-down, and I tried Phosferine for my nerves, and it did me so much good that I was never without a bottle in my pack, and I have never been troubled with my nerves since, and I attribute my success to this, in winning both the D.C.M. and also the Military Medal. The D.C.M. I won when our dug-outs, that were in the ruins of an old farm, were heavily shelled, and I and a chum decided to remain outside. We were buried, but were able to get out from beneath the *débris*, and then we went inside and dug out five of our comrades, who were badly mutilated, and carried them along to the dressing station under heavy shell fire, and never at any time were my nerves unstrung, thanks to Phosferine. The Military Medal I won by remaining at my trench mortar gun and continuing to fire, although seriously wounded, for twenty-five minutes. I can recommend Phosferine for anyone whose nerves are run-down."

This valiant soldier recognises that he was able to win his military distinctions because Phosferine ensured an abundance of vital force—Phosferine kept his nerve organisms in regular operation, thus providing his system with the nerve energy to outlast the frequent periods of varied and critical strain.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see that you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Backache
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Indigestion	Premature Decay	Faintness	Headache
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain-Fag	Hysteria
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost, than any other preparation.

SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE

Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on **ACTIVE SERVICE**, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is required. The 3/- tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. Prices: 1/3, 3/- and 5/-. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size.



Mirth Maker in Chief to H.M. Forces.

"If it hadn't been for laughter," said an officer, "we might have lost this war."

THE DECCA

THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE.

THOUGH so light and compact that it can be carried as easily as a handbag, the "Decca" has the powerful tone and clear, natural reproduction of the largest and most costly gramophones.

It is self-contained, needs no case, has no loose parts, and is ready to play immediately opened. Any make and size of needle record is playable on the "Decca."

Leather Cloth	Compressed Fibre	Solid Cowhide
£7 15s. 0d.	£8 15s. 0d.	£12 12s. 0d.

Of Harrods, Army and Navy Stores, Whiteley's, Selfridge's, Gamage's, and all leading Stores and Music Dealers. Illustrated Folder, and name of nearest agent, free on application to the Manufacturers—

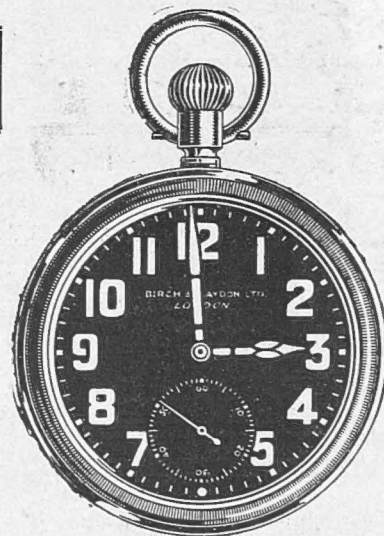
THE DULCEPHONE CO., 32, WORSHIP ST., LONDON, E.C. 2.

(Proprietors: Barnett Samuel & Sons, Ltd.)



ALL OUR
WATCHES
GUARANTEED.

THE WATCH
FOR ACCURATE
TIME.



The "SERVICE"

The "SERVICE" Pocket Watch, specially designed for the man in Military or Civilian life who does not care to carry a wrist watch. Some men argue that a wrist watch is not so well protected as a pocket watch, and to meet the demands for the latter "as good as our 'Land and Water'" we have evolved the "Service" Watch. This has a specially strong Silver Screw dust and damp proof case, with an extra dust-excluding rim, and is fitted with our famous "Land and Water" movement, which is recognised all over the world as the standard of reliability in watches. This includes the micrometer regulator for fine adjustment, by means of which we guarantee to regulate the watch to keep time within one minute a month, or two seconds per day. It has a keyless lever adjusted and compensated movement. The dial is white or black and fully luminous, with a strong crystal glass. This is an ideal watch for men in Civilian life or in the Services, as it is extremely thin, and as a timekeeper, can be compared with our "Land and Water" watch. Fully guaranteed.

Black Dial, £6 15s.

White Dial, £6 10s.

BIRCH & GAYDON, Ltd., (Estd. 1790.)

Technical and Scientific Instrument Makers to the Admiralty and War Office, Dept. 23, 153, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C. 3. (Phone: 2150 Cent.)

West End Branch (late John Barwise), 19, Piccadilly Arcade, London, S.W. 1.

For particulars of other Watches and Catalogue of Jewellery and Silver, please send postcard.

Continued.] angel. The leather close-fitting hood will be necessary only for pilots, as protection to some extent will be provided for passengers. I imagine something even warmer and less bulky than motor clothes will be the feminine flying rig-out. In any case, we are unlikely to make such 'guys of ourselves as we joyfully did when road pigs learned to fly along. We shall dress better for going up.

Among those who look forward with some consternation to the results of the General Election are the attendants at the House of Commons, who have to memorise the names and faces of Members. It is no easy task with a new House, especially when, as in the present case, comparatively few of the former personnel are likely to return. It is surprising that so few mistakes are made either in challenging real Members or in letting through impostors, who do sometimes present themselves.

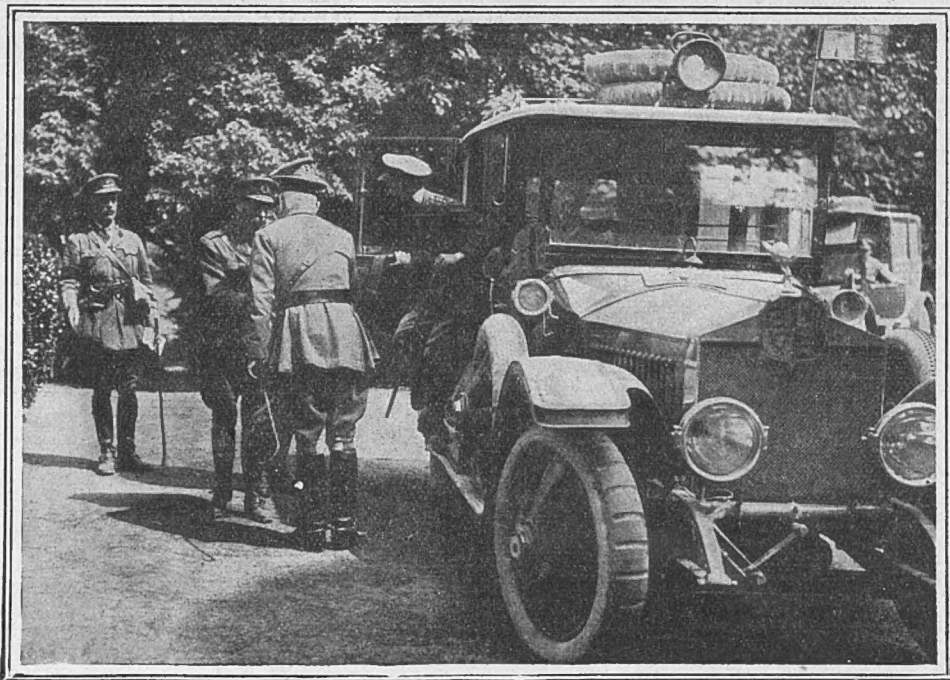
The success of the great Victory Ball, to be held at the Albert Hall to-night, Nov. 27, is assured in advance. It is to be on a magnificent scale; fancy dress and uniform will be worn, and a striking feature will be the Victory procession, in which all parts of the British Empire, and the countries of the Allies, will be

represented. Dozens of well-known Society hostesses and titled ladies have arranged parties, and many of the 500-guinea and other high-priced boxes were quickly sold. Tickets at 3 guineas, or double tickets at 5 guineas, are obtainable from the Hon. Organisers: Mrs. Edward Hulton, 51, Great Cumberland Place, W.; Miss

C. May Beeman, 10, West Bolton Gardens, S.W.; the British Women's Hospital Committee, 32, North Audley Street, W.; and the Royal Automobile Club, 89, Pall Mall, S.W. The Ball is in aid of the Nation's Fund for Nurses.

We owe many things, such as the "Cardigan" jacket, the "Blucher" and the "Wellington" boot, to war, and it is now thought that the present world conflict may introduce a nation of bare-faced Britons for "after the war" years. If Tirpitz, the "Don Whiskerandos" of Germany, can abandon his hirsute adornment, it is not unpatriotic to hope that the razor will continue to be busy in our Army. Already,

few of our menfolk go farther than the moustache, the passing of which may be lamented by a few, but shaving is already the vogue in legal circles, and the moustached clergyman is a rare bird in the earth.



FROM THE FRONT: KING GEORGE AND HIS CAR.

Our photograph illustrates the arrival of the King at a château on the West Front. The Rolls-Royce car on which his Majesty travelled bears on the radiator the Royal Coat of Arms, and the Royal Standard is seen flying on the roof.

Charles Packer & Co Ltd.

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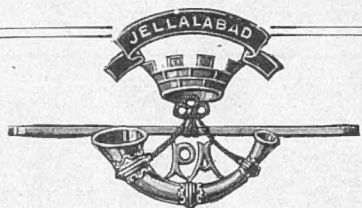
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15-ct. GOLD
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£2 2 0 each
Post free.

BADGE OF ANY
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The Somerset Light Infantry.

Illustrations show
actual size of Brooches.

Money returned in
full if not approved.



The Welsh Regiment.

Illustrated Catalogue
of Badge Brooches
sent free on request.



The Royal Engineers,
also Collar Badge.



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Also Cap and Sleeve Badges and Observer's Badge.

THE FASHIONABLE RIBBON WRISTLET
With Diamond Initial set in Palladium and White Enamel Slide.
Every letter from A to Z in stock.



All £4 10 0 each.
76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.



The Royal Warwickshire Regiment.

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Can be supplied
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The Royal Navy
Gold or Silver Anchor.
Also R.N.R. & R.N.V.

All these Brooches
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Any of the twelve varieties
can be prepared in from
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Twelve Varieties.

All one Price—Twopence.

OXO Limited, London, E.C.4.



TRY IT IN YOUR BATH

By
Appointment



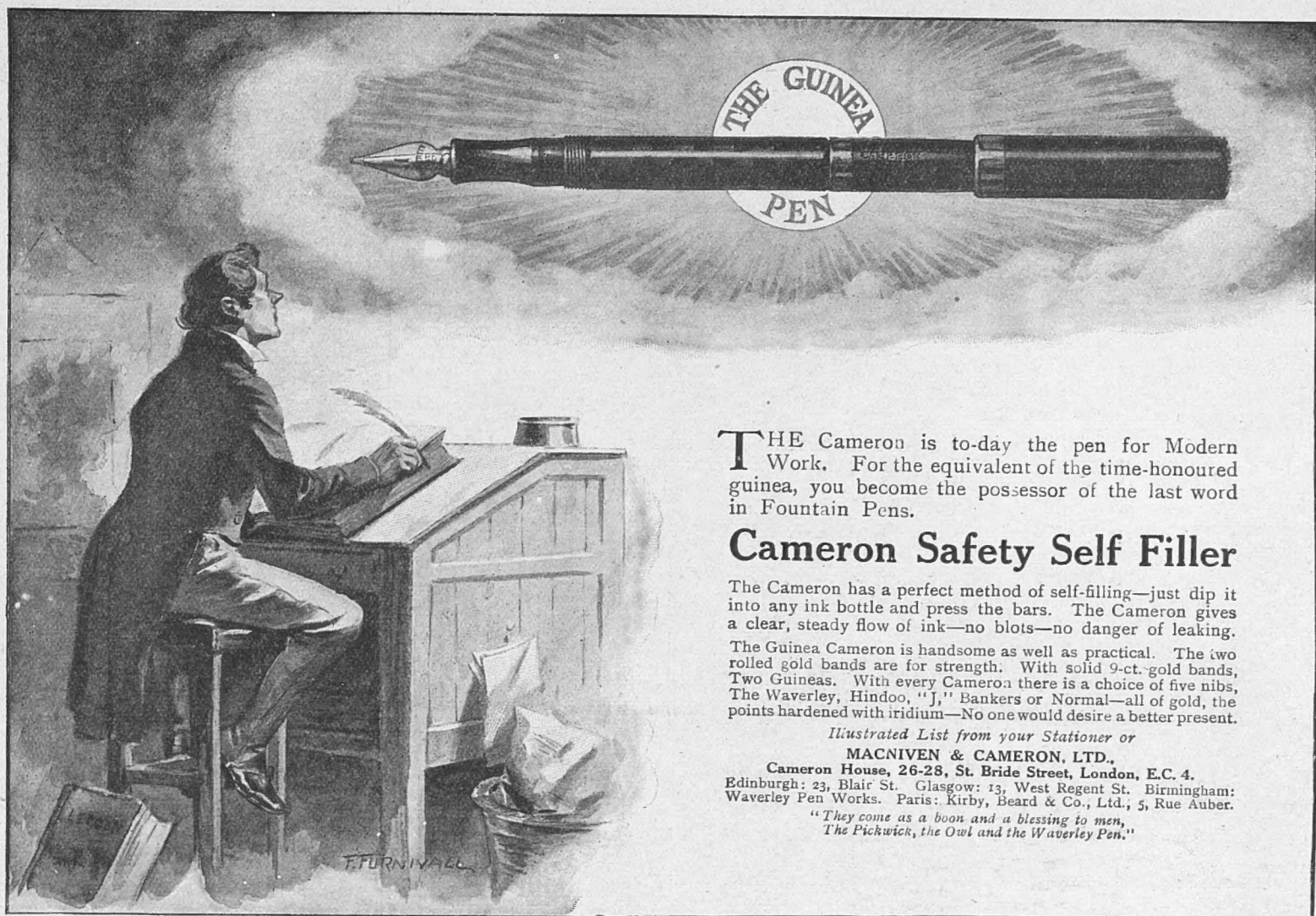
To
H.M. The King.

SCRUBB'S AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.
Softens Hard Water.

Price 1/4 per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.
SCRUBB & CO., Ltd., Guildford St., London, S.E.



THE GUINEA PEN

THE Cameron is to-day the pen for Modern Work. For the equivalent of the time-honoured guinea, you become the possessor of the last word in Fountain Pens.

Cameron Safety Self Filler

The Cameron has a perfect method of self-filling—just dip it into any ink bottle and press the bars. The Cameron gives a clear, steady flow of ink—no blots—no danger of leaking.

The Guinea Cameron is handsome as well as practical. The two rolled gold bands are for strength. With solid 9-ct. gold bands, Two Guineas. With every Cameron there is a choice of five nibs, The Waverley, Hindoo, "J," Bankers or Normal—all of gold, the points hardened with iridium—No one would desire a better present.

Illustrated List from your Stationer or
MACNIVEN & CAMERON, LTD.,
 Cameron House, 26-28, St. Bride Street, London, E.C. 4.
 Edinburgh: 23, Blair St. Glasgow: 13, West Regent St. Birmingham:
 Waverley Pen Works. Paris: Kirby, Beard & Co., Ltd., 5, Rue Auber.
*"They come as a boon and a blessing to men,
 The Pickwick, the Owl and the Waverley Pen."*

For **XMAS 1918**

There are always uses

The USES of Luce's

There is no toilet preparation so universally useful as Luce's Eau de Cologne. As a refreshing perfume for the handkerchief or for spraying on the face and hands and clothing it is unequalled, whilst as an adjunct to the bath and wash basin it is indispensable. As a mouth wash after using tooth powder or paste it is delightfully sweetening and purifying, whilst ladies, after shampooing the hair, should rinse it with a jug of warm water to which a little

LUCE'S
 ORIGINAL *Jersey*
Eau-de-Cologne
British and Best

has been added. They will be surprised at its refreshing and comforting effect. A little diluted with water and sprinkled on the carpets and rugs will prevent rooms getting stuffy in cold and stormy weather when windows are closed and winter fires are burning.

Famous since the early days of Queen Victoria. Numerous gold medals and highest awards. Established Jersey 1837.

Prices—1/3, 2/6, 4/6, 9/6
 Wickers—5/9, 13/9, 25/-

Of Stores, Chemists, and Perfumers, and from the Army and Navy Stores, Bakers, Harrods, Heppells, Selfridges, Whiteleys, etc., or from
LUCE'S, High Street, SOUTHAMPTON.

A DAINTY and USEFUL GIFT

In the Sick-Room
In the Wash-Basin
As a Mouth-wash
In the Bath-Room
In the Dressing-Room

SESSEL PEARLS

Sessel Pearls are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process, which imparts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture, and durability of genuine Oriental Pearls.

Sessel Pearls are positively superior to any others existing. Every Necklet, in fact every pearl made in our laboratories is an exact and faithful reproduction of a real pearl, the minutest details being studied in their manufacture.

The "Sphere" says:—
"A row of wonderful Sessel reproduction Pearls will amply satisfy even the most fastidious taste."

The "Bystander" says:—
"In colour, weight, and general appearance there is absolutely nothing to choose between the two pieces."

Sessel Pearl Earrings, Pins, Studs, Rings, in Solid Gold Mountings.

Sessel Clasp with Sessel Emerald—Sapphire or Ruby centre.

From
£2 : 2 : 0

Beautiful Collar of Sessel Pearls with 18-ct. Gold Clasp, in fitted case.

£4 : 4 : 0

From
£2 : 2 : 0

Diamonds, Pearls, Old Gold, Silver, etc., Purchased for Cash or taken in exchange.

Illustrated Brochure No. 1 on request post free.

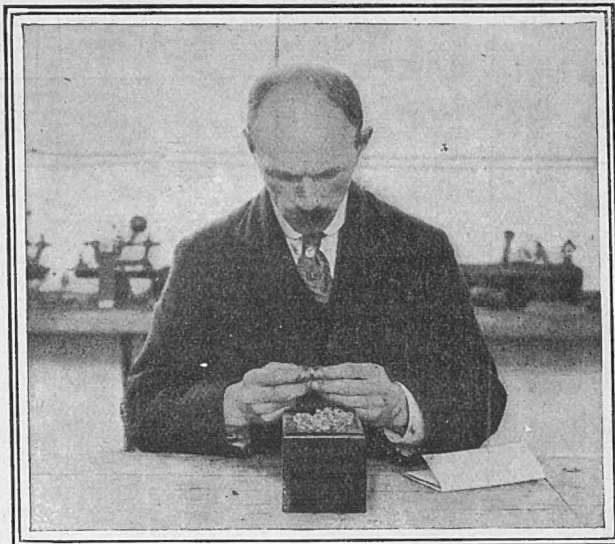
Sessel Pearls can only be obtained direct from

SESSEL (Bourne, Ltd.),

14 & 14a, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

DIAMOND-CUTTING AS A TRADE FOR DISABLED MEN.

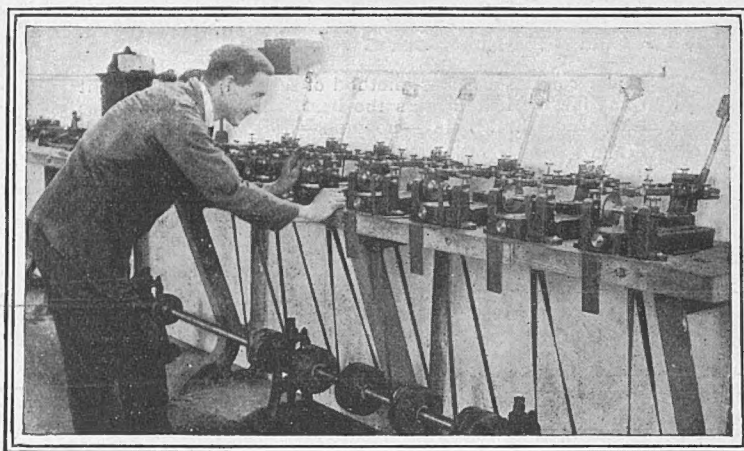
AT the fifth Ordinary General Meeting of the South African Diamond Corporation, Ltd., held recently, the Chairman, Mr. Bernard Oppenheimer, gave a very interesting account of his scheme for training disabled soldiers and sailors in the diamond-cutting industry. He has established a factory at Brighton, and is arranging instruction centres also at Cambridge, Wrexham, and Fort William. It is a remarkable fact that ninety-nine per cent. of all rough diamonds are being found in the British dominions, yet before the war all this wealth was exported in the raw state to the Continent to be polished, and the wages were consequently lost to the British working man. Millions of pounds' worth of these diamonds



DIAMOND-CUTTING FOR DISABLED MEN: ROUGH DIAMONDS WORTH £40,000, AT THE GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS COMPANY'S EXHIBITION.

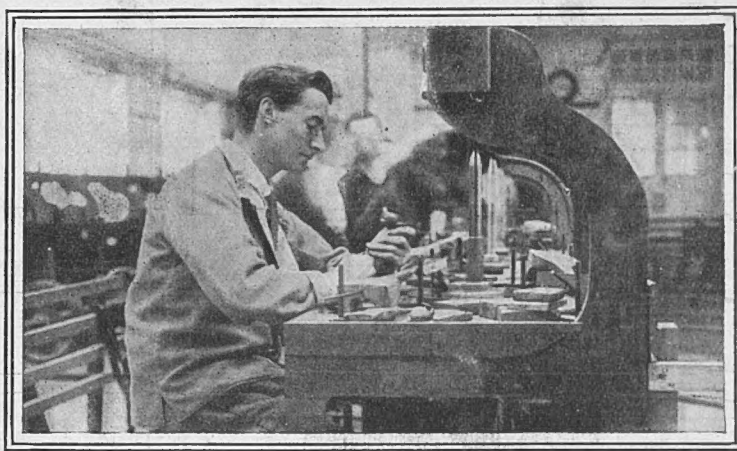
were then sent back to this country in the cut state, and bought by the British public. It was stated to be impossible for anyone but Continental workmen to do this fine work, also that it was in-bred and had to be handed down from family to family. Mr. Bernard Oppenheimer has proved that it can be done; and the diamonds cut by these legless sailors and soldiers can be submitted to the finest experts, who will, even if hostile critics, have to admit that the cutting and polishing are absolutely perfect.

By the end of this year 500 men will be working at Brighton, and, by the end of next June, 2000. Their progress is astonishing. The training is done under the auspices of the Ministry of Pensions. It is an entirely private undertaking, and has not, and will not, cost the Government a single penny.



DIAMOND-CUTTING AS AN INDUSTRY FOR DISABLED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS: SAWING DIAMONDS.

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company arranged to open on Monday, the 25th, at 112, Regent Street, for a fortnight, an exhibition of diamonds cut entirely by legless



LEARNING DIAMOND-POLISHING WHILE RECOVERING FROM WOUNDS: A CONVALESCENT SOLDIER AT WORK.

soldiers and sailors in the factory at Brighton established by Mr. Bernard Oppenheimer. Two of the men are seen at work at the exhibition.

Urodonal

MAINTAINS YOUTH OF THE HEART AND ARTERIES

It frees them from all the waste products, uratic and chalky deposits which tend to harden their walls.

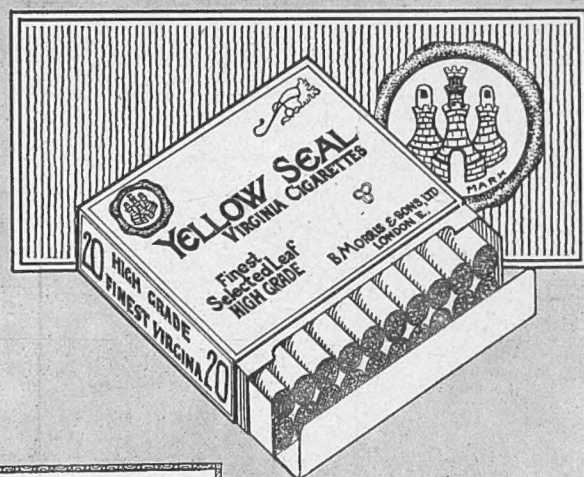
This cleansing process may be compared to the cleaning of the boiler and pipes of an engine, which would certainly refuse to work were its various parts allowed to become clogged with accumulated dust and dirt.

The same rule applies to the human machine.

URODONAL dissolves uric acid, removes sandy deposits from the heart valves, prevents degeneration of the blood vessels, which interferes with normal circulation, thereby preventing overstrain of the heart.

Price 5/- and 12/- per bottle.

Prepared at Chatelain's Laboratories, Paris. Obtainable from all Chemists and Drug Stores or direct, post free, 5/6 & 12/6, from the British and Colonial Agents, **HEPPELLS**, Pharmacists, 104, Piccadilly, London, W. 1.
Full explanatory booklet sent post free on application.



Morris's YELLOW SEAL VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

have just that subtle touch of refinement and delicacy, indescribable in itself, which is so much sought after by connoisseurs.

1/4 for 20
everywhere.

B. Morris & Sons, Ltd., London.

